TRADING PLACES

BLACK AND WHITE

An Original Screenplay

by

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[redacted]

Paramount Pictures

SECOND DRAFT

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FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS BEGIN OVER --

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

It's a cold day in December, and it's snowing heavily. The streets are hung with Christmas decorations, giving the scene a colorfully festive air. A SANTA CLAUS rings a bell on a street corner, soliciting donations from the passersby.

Office workers, heavily bundled up, lower their heads against the driving snow as they make their way along the pavement. Some of them turn into the entrance of a modern office building. CAMERA CRANES SLOWLY UP the building, TAKING IN floor after illuminated floor of busy white-collar workers.

When we REACH THE TOP FLOOR of the skyscraper, CAMERA MOVES THROUGH a Christmas wreath hung in a window, and INTO --

INT. "DUKE & DUKE" COMMODITIES BROKERAGE OFFICES - DAY

A view of the TRADING ROOM of one of Philadelphia's leading commodities firms. The room is divided into about twenty cubicles, where BROKERS are feverishly answering RINGING TELEPHONES and calling in orders simultaneously. It's an atmosphere of apparent chaos and pandemonium, a cacaphony of discordant noise as the Brokers scream into the phones and at one another; an atmosphere in striking contrast to the Christmas decorations adorning the room.

Clocks on the walls give the time in various world financial capitals. A huge electronic board clicks out the changing price quotations for the various commodities -- wheat, corn, soybeans, pork bellies, lumber, gold, silver, orange juice, T-Bills, coffee, sugar, International Currency, etc.

Overlooking the Trading Room is a luxurious glassed-in office where a MAN is sitting behind a desk. A SIGN on it identifies him as:

LOUIS WHIPPLE III
MANAGING DIRECTOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHIPPLE is in his mid-thirties, dressed in a three-piece gray flannel suit. He is smug, unctuous, and almost ridiculously pleased with himself.

At the moment he's watching a COMPUTER CONSOLE on his desk that shows the day's price quotations for PORK BELLY FUTURES. Whipple nods knowingly at the screen as the numbers flash and change. He glances at several graphs on his desk, taps out some figures on a calculator, and then leans back with a dreamy smile on his face, full of self-satisfaction.

Back out on the floor, a black BROKER is talking simultaneously on three phones while his white ASSISTANT writes orders.

BROKER
(into phones; rapid-fire)
This is Richards at Duke & Duke, you have any May wheat for me on the buy side?... Got ya, eight June hogs at fifty-four... Hello, Bud? I want to dump five soybeans as soon as it drops to six-fifty. Right, that's twenty-five thousand bushels...
(to Assistant)
Time?

ASSISTANT
Two minutes to closing.

BROKER
(into phone)
Bellies? They were looking bullish, let me check.

The Broker punches a button on the COMPUTER CONSOLE on his desk.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - COMPUTER CONSOLE SCREEN

On the screen, the same readout of PORK BELLY prices that Whipple was watching earlier.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM the console screen, REVEALING that we are now --

INT. CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

The pork belly prices appear on a console screen in the back seat of a limo, where TWO MEN are sitting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH and MORTIMER DUKE, both in their 70's, are silver-haired bachelor brothers, founders and joint owners of DUKE & DUKE COMMODITIES BROKERS, a pair of crafty old men whose personal wealth and power rivals that of the Hunts and Rockefellers.

The Duke brothers are dressed in identical pinstriped suits and silk ties. Mortimer Duke's eyes are rivetted on the console screen.

MORTIMER
When do we sell?

Randolph Duke is neither watching the screen nor listening to his brother; he's engrossed in an issue of "Scientific American" on the cover of which is a banner headline:

HEREDITY versus ENVIRONMENT
The Eternal Question

Randolph responds to what he's reading.

RANDOLPH
I just cannot believe how stupid these scientists are... 'The Eternal Question'... There is no question, the answer is obvious...

Mortimer reaches over and angrily pulls the magazine out of Randolph's hands.

MORTIMER
I don't care about heredity versus environment, Randolph! In fact, I'm sick and tired of hearing about it! I care about how much money we can get for our pork bellies!

RANDOLPH
(sighing)
Whipple put in a sell order for seventy-six and a quarter. His charts say that's as high as it's going to go.

Mortimer reaches for the telephone.

MORTIMER
It'll never get that high.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER (CONT'D)
Let's sell now.

Randolph restrains his brother.

RANDOLPH
Patience, Mortimer. Let's see if Whipple's right.

CLOSE - THE SCREEN

as the price of Pork Bellies, stabilized at 75.75, slowly begins to rise... to 75.88... 75.93... 76.07... and then seems to stabilize again.

BACK TO:

THE DUKE BROTHERS

as Mortimer impatiently grabs the phone again.

MORTIMER
Whipple's wrong, it's topped out. I say we sell now.

RANDOLPH
Just another few seconds...

MORTIMER
The market's closing! We won't get the order in!

CLOSE - THE SCREEN

as the price starts to rise again... 76.12... 76.19... and finally, to 76.25! The price stabilizes there, and then suddenly starts to drop off dramatically. The screen FLASHES:

MARKET CLOSED!!!
PORK BELLIES...CLOSING PRICE...75.89

BACK TO RANDOLPH DUKE

as his mouth curls into a lizard-like smile. He punches out some figures on a pocket calculator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
We just made an extra three hundred forty-seven thousand dollars.

Randolph and Mortimer smirk at each other. Then these two men in their 70's go through their version of a "high five." Randolph extends the forefinger of his right hand, Mortimer forms an "O" with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and Randolph inserts his forefinger into Mortimer's "O"... thereby signifying, "Another fucking for someone."

Mortimer picks up the phone and dials a number while Randolph resumes his perusal of "Scientific American", shaking his head in obvious disagreement with what he's reading, as OPENING CREDITS END.

CUT TO:

INT. WHIPPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Whipple is on the phone with Mortimer, gladly taking the credit for the transaction:

LOUIS
(into phone)
Thank you, Mortimer...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)
... Oh, I was never in any doubt. My charts are very dependable... You may have noticed that just after we sold, the price dropped back down... Yes, I'm sure a lot of people took a bath on that one... See you at the club.

Whipple hangs up, gathers a pile of payroll checks and puts them in his attache case. He picks up a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of a young woman on his desk, checks to see no one is watching, and then gives it a little kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

The snow is still falling outside. The Duke brothers' limousine turns a corner and comes to a stop in front of an imposingly august colonial building.

A DOORMAN rushes outside with an umbrella, opens the limo door, and shields Randolph and Mortimer Duke from the falling snow as they get out.

DOORMAN
Mr. Duke... Mr. Duke... right this way, gentlemen.

A BLIND BEGGAR

sits in a wheelchair against the side of the building. His name is BILLY RAY VALENTINE. He's a black man of 35, dressed in thin shabby clothes that offer little protection against the cruel weather. A SIGN hanging on his chest reads:

A GRATEFUL WAR VETERAN THANKS YOU
MERRY CHRISTMAS

His legs appear to have been amputated at the knees. A knit cap with a pitiful number of coins rests on his lap. Dark glasses, covered in icicles, conceal his sightless eyes.

As the Dukes come towards him, he waves his white cane, and intones through chattering teeth:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY
Merry Christmas... Thank you
... Thank you very much...
Thank you... Merry Christmas...

The Dukes ignore him and are ushered through the front door of the building. A BRASS PLAQUE above the door reads:

THE HERITAGE CLUB
FOUNDED 1776
LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY
MEMBERS ONLY

CUT TO:

INT. HERITAGE CLUB LOUNGE - DAY

A vast, beautifully carpeted, mahogany-panneled upstairs room with three fireplaces blazing. About 30 mainly elderly MEMBERS are lounging in deep leather armchairs, reading their Wall Street Journals, and being served tea by uniformed waiters. Portraits of the Founding Fathers line the walls.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER DUKE

sit in an exclusive elevated alcove at the end of the room with a bay window offering a view of the city. Mortimer is buried behind a copy of the Wall Street Journal.

MORTIMER
Listen to this...
(reading aloud)
'The Frozen Orange Juice market remains up one day, down the next, but with very little significant movement in either direction because of unstable weather conditions...'

Randolph is not listening to his brother; he's still engrossed in his issue of "Scientific American".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mortimer continues to animatedly read aloud.

MORTIMER
(continuing)
'... Expect this stagnation to continue until the Department of Agriculture's January crop report. I predict the smart money will lay off until just prior to the report's release, when you can expect to see heavy trading in both directions.'
(a beat)
Exactly as we thought, Randolph. Right?

Randolph responds to what he's reading in "Scientific American".

RANDOLPH
Wrong. Quite wrong. Not true.

Mortimer glares balefully over the top of his newspaper. He is the younger of the Dukes, being only 71, and considers himself the more practical and intelligent of the two of them. Randolph on the other hand considers himself the more visionary, the dreamer and the genius.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
They're giving this genetics fellow the Nobel Prize. The man doesn't know the first thing about human nature.

Mortimer glances at the other members to see no one is listening and then hisses at Randolph.

MORTIMER
Randolph... we're about to make hundreds of millions of dollars in frozen orange juice and you're talking to me about human nature.

Randolph vanishes behind his magazine.

RANDOLPH
Money isn't everything, Mortimer.

MORTIMER
Oh, grow up.

RANDOLPH
Mother always said you were greedy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER
She meant it as a compliment.

Their little spat is interrupted by a dignified, elderly WAITER who approaches with a silver tray and serves them glasses of hot milk and a glass-covered dish of "Oreo" cookies.

RANDOLPH
Ah, Sam. Right on time.
(a beat)
I'll bet you thought I'd forgotten your Christmas bonus. There you are.

Randolph opens his wallet, removes a bill, and lays it on Sam's tray with a humanitarian smile. It is a whole five dollars.

SAM
Five dollars. Maybe I'll go to the movies. By myself. Thank you for your generosity, Mr. Randolph.

MORTIMER
Half of it's from me.

SAM
And thank <u>you</u>, sir.

Sam walks away, shaking his head, mouthing a word that looks suspiciously like "motherfucker."

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE OF HERITAGE CLUB - DAY

The Doorman admits Louis Whipple, carrying an attache case and dressed in a fur-collared overcoat. With a sigh, he allows a CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT to divest him of his overcoat, gloves, and muffler.

ATTENDANT
Congratulations, Mr. Whipple. We heard about your engagement to Mr. Duke's niece.

LOUIS
Their <u>grand</u>niece, actually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT
We hope you'll both be very happy, Mr. Whipple.

Louis Whipple can't quite conceal his self-satisfaction.

LOUIS
I'm sure I will. Thank you, Pete.

Louis marches regally up the stairs.

INT. HERITAGE CLUB LOUNGE

Whipple moves through the room, very conscious of his ascending star, his power. He nods at various members, waves his fingers at others, squeezes a shoulder, and cuts dead the ones eager to talk to him. He approaches a group of younger STOCKBROKERS playing backgammon.

STOCKBROKER #1
Looking good, Louis.

LOUIS
Feeling good, Todd.

STOCKBROKER #2
We need a fourth for squash later, Louis. Interested?

LOUIS
Sorry. I'm having dinner with Kimberley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STOCKBROKER #3
Lucky you.

LOUIS
It's not luck, Harry.

If ever there was a man who believed that his success was the fruit of his own personal worth it is Louis Whipple III.

Louis climbs the steps to the alcove where the Duke brothers are seated and, with a jaunty flourish, removes some papers from his attache case.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Randolph? Mortimer?

MORTIMER
Whipple, my boy! What have you got for us?

LOUIS
I'm afraid it's chat time of the month again.

Whipple waves the papers, humoring the two old codgers.

LOUIS
Payroll checks for our workers that I need your signatures on. And no forgetting to sign the big ones.

The Dukes grumpily accept the checks, and begin signing, handing them back and forth so each check will have both their signatures.

MORTIMER
(muttering)
We seem to be paying some of our employees an awful lot of money, Whipple.

LOUIS
You can't get around that old minimum wage, Mortimer.

RANDOLPH
Fifty thousand dollars!

Randolph holds up the offending check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
To Clarence Beeks? Who the hell is...?

Mortimer delivers a sharp kick to Randolph under the table, and rolls his eyes significantly. Louis doesn't notice.

LOUIS
I wanted to ask you about that. According to the records, there doesn't seem to be any Clarence Beeks employed by the firm.

Randolph thinks and then suddenly remembers. He locks eyes with Mortimer who nods at him, as if to say, "Now you remember, schmuck?"

RANDOLPH
Yes, of course, Clarence Beeks. He's doing something top secret for us.

MORTIMER
Research.

Mortimer desperately tries to change the subject.

MORTIMER
(continuing)
How's Kimberly? She's our grandniece, Whipple, you better make an honest woman of her.

Whipple's cheeks blush a little at this flattery.

LOUIS
We're sending out the wedding invitations this week.

MORTIMER
Good. Good work, Whipple.

Randolph starts to hand the pile of signed checks to Louis but Mortimer reaches over and removes the one made out to Clarence Beeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER
(continuing)
Don't worry, Whipple. I'll take care of this one personally.

Randolph reaches for his copy of "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

RANDOLPH
Goodbye, Whipple.

Whipple remains there for a few seconds and then realizes he's been dismissed. He backs out, puzzled, looking at the Duke brothers whose faces are hidden by their reading matter.

When Whipple is gone, the Dukes lower their reading matter.

MORTIMER
Whipple's a very solid young man. We're lucky to have him managing the firm for us.

RANDOLPH
Oh, hogwash! Exeter, Harvard, he's simply a product of good environment.

MORTIMER
It's got nothing to do with environment. With his genes, you can put Whipple anywhere and he's going to come out on top. Breeding, Randolph, same as in race horses.

RANDOLPH
(pensive)
It would be interesting to take away Whipple's advantages and see what he turned into.
(a beat)
You know, he might even become a criminal, Mortimer.

Mortimer lowers his newspaper just below the level of his eyes, and stares across the table at his brother, who is gazing out the window, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERITAGE CLUB - DAY

Billy Ray Valentine is utterly ignored by several other MEMBERS entering and leaving the club, from whom he tries to solicit donations.

He starts wheeling himself down the snowy pavement, tapping the side of the building with his cane, and turns a corner.

EXT. ALLEY ADJOINING HERITAGE CLUB - DAY

A group of hard-working VAGRANTS are warming themselves around a fire built inside a garbage can, and passing a pint around the circle. Billy Ray Valentine approaches in his wheelchair and slips in between two Vagrants just as the pint is coming his way. He holds his hands over the fire and tries to ingratiate himself.

BILLY RAY
Hey, brothers, what it is. Wheweeee! It's cold. Nice fire. Real nice fire.

Even though he is blind, as the pint is being passed his way, Billy Ray reaches out for it. One of the Vagrants grabs his wrist.

VAGRANT
Not so fast.

Billy Ray gazes around sightlessly.

BILLY RAY
What is it? What's the matter?

The Vagrant removes Billy Ray's sunglasses. Billy Ray rolls his eyes skyward like a blind person.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Wha's going on?

The Vagrant snaps open a switchblade in front of Billy Ray's eyes.

VAGRANT
Can you see this?

Billy Ray smiles sheepishly and starts to ease himself out of the wheelchair. He's not blind and there's nothing wrong with his legs, either.

BILLY RAY
(laughing nervously)
Heh-heh-heh, you got me that time. I was just lookin' to get warm, you know?

The Vagrant cuts the string holding Billy Ray's sign to his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAGRANT
This is a private party, understand?

Billy Ray looks around at the cirlce of hostile staring faces.

BILLY RAY
Sure. Members only.

He starts to back away.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
I can dig it. Ugly old winos and no one else.

The Vagrants start towards him, pulling out chains, clubs, and broken bottles. Billy Ray lifts his hands in the air as he backs out of the alley.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
But tha's cool. My dad was a big wino. And his dad, too. I'm gon' be a wino. Soon as I get old and ugly enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERITAGE CLUB - DAY

Louis Whipple comes outside, starts walking down the street. As Whipple passes the alley, Billy Ray is backing out of it, and they collide. Whipple is knocked to the ground and his attache case goes flying. Billy Ray goes to pick it up.

LOUIS
Stop, thief! Help! Help!

A PASSING PATROL CAR

slows at the sight of a black man standing over a fallen white man in the street.

BILLY RAY

sees the patrol car come to a halt. Louis is cowering on the ground.

LOUIS
Don't shoot!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Take it. Take it. Please don't kill me, I'm getting married.

The police get out of the car and Billy Ray runs down the alley, hurling the attache case away. The angry Vagrants block his path. He starts running back towards the street. The police appear, draw their guns, with Louis shrieking encouragement behind them. Billy Ray ducks into an open door -- it's the service entrance to the Heritage Club.

INT. HERITAGE CLUB - KITCHEN

Billy Ray goes ploughing through the horrified kitchen help chased by the police and Louis. He bursts into the dining room and hurdles over a buffet table. He knocks over the maitre d' and runs into the lobby. There's a cop with a shotgun coming in the front door. Billy Ray bolts up the stairs.

INT. HERITAGE CLUB - LOUNGE

Billy Ray sprints like a broken field runner through the tables and chairs and is finally cornerd in the alcove where the Dukes are sitting. He starts to open the window to get to the fire escape.

POLICEMAN #1
Freeze! Get those hands up.

Policeman #2 shoves Billy Ray against the wall, handcuffs him, and pats him down.

RANDOLPH
What in heaven's name is going on here?

LOUIS
He tried to rob the payroll, Randolph. He attacked me in broad daylight.

BILLY RAY
I didn't do nuthin', I swear. I was just walkin' backwards.

LOUIS
Oh no, you weren't.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)
You knocked me down and tried to snatch my attache case.

BILLY RAY
It was an accident, fool!

All the members have clustered around to watch. Louis smirks knowingly at them.

LOUIS
An accident? Really.

Randolph addresses Policeman #1.

RANDOLPH
What's going to happen to this man?

POLICEMAN #1
We're booking him on assault, attempted robbery, and resisting arrest.

MORTIMER
Well done, Whipple.

BILLY RAY
I am innocent! This chump run into me! I was giving him his thing back! Oh man, I can't be going to jail on account some muffug ain't looking where he's going.

LOUIS
I want to press charges, officer. These people are a menace to society.

Randolph has been curiously studying Billy Ray. Now he starts slowly walking around him, inspecting him from every angle.

RANDOLPH
You're from a broken home, of course.

BILLY RAY
Broke yo' mama, dropshot. Yeah, we was broke. So what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
Now let me see. You have a history of juvenile arrests, I presume -- drug abuse, reform school, state prison, and all that?

BILLY RAY
I don't have to talk to you. I want a lawyer.
(shouting)
Any lawyers in this room?

At least half the members watching are lawyers. They draw back, as Billy Ray struggles with the policemen.

BILLY RAY
(continuing; shouting)
Anybody want to represent a poor black man, or you all wanna string me up right now?

The policemen roughly lead him away. Everyone is shaking Louis' hand and patting him on the back.

RANDOLPH
(musing)
If I could scientifically prove that that man... of course it would have to be a controlled experiment... it's just the kind of thing those Nobel Prize people go for...

MORTIMER
What are you babbling about now?

RANDOLPH
That man is the product of a poor environment. There's absolutely nothing wrong with him. I can prove it.

MORTIMER
Of course there's something wrong with him. He's a criminal. He's probably been stealing since he could crawl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
On the contrary. Given the right surroundings and encouragement I'll bet that man could run our company as well as your young Whipple.

Mortimer glances at Randolph. He's starting to get an idea of what Randolph has in mind.

MORTIMER
Are we talking about a wager, Randolph?

Randolph nods and smiles.

MORTIMER
(continuing)
And I suppose you think that Whipple, say if he were to lose his job, would resort to holding up people on the street?

RANDOLPH
I don't think just losing his job would be enough for Whipple. We'd have to heap a little more misfortune on his narrow shoulders than that. If he lost his job, and his home, and his fiancee and friends, if he were somehow disgraced, arrested by the police and thrown in jail even... yes, I'm sure he'd take to crime like a fish to water.

MORTIMER
(grinning now)
You'd have to put him in the wrong surroundings, of course... with the worst sort of people. I mean real scum, Randolph.

RANDOLPH
We've done it before... This time it's in a good cause. How much do you want to bet?

MORTIMER
The usual amount?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH

Why not?

They shake hands. Out the window the police car with its SIREN ON... bears Billy Ray Valentine away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

An elegant, stately brownstone in the very best part of town. We see the glow of flickering candlelight through the second-story window. The SOUND of ROMANTIC MUSIC is heard.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Louis Whipple and his fiancee KIMBERLEY are dining on lobster and champagne at a candlelit table. With nearly every mouthful, they stare soulfully into one another's eyes.

Behind them, an elderly butler named COLEMAN is getting ready to flambe an exotic dessert in a chafing dish set on the sideboard.

Whipple is trying to be modest and blase about the "mugging" that took place earlier that day. Kimberley is hanging on his every word. Kimberley is voluptuous, stunningly dressed, adoring, upper-class, and not tremendously bright. Although she hasn't worked a day in her life, it's clear that, without the advantages of money, Kimberley would have made an ideal truck-stop waitress.

KIMBERLEY
You're so brave, Louis.

LOUIS
Someone's got to make a stand against criminals like that.

KIMBERLEY
But he could have killed you, my little poopsie.

LOUIS
In a situation like that, instinct takes over. You don't have time to think. It's kill or be killed.

Whipple examines his brandy snifter, smiling modestly.

KIMBERLEY
(to Coleman)
Did Louis tell you what he did today?

Coleman, whose back is turned to them, rolls his eyes ever so slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coleman is very wise and much too hip to believe that Louis could ever fight off a mugger. He turns and looks gravely at Kimberley, and when he speaks it is in the stentorian tones of the Queen's English.

COLEMAN
Mr. Louis was good enough to share this afternoon's excitement with me, Miss Kimberley.

KIMBERLEY
(to Louis)
You're so hot tempered, darling. I would have grovelled on the ground and begged for mercy.

LOUIS
There was no way I was going to let him have that payroll.

Whipple flexes his hand into a fist and admires it. Kimberley leans forward, checks that Coleman isn't watching and whispers.

KIMBERLEY
I want you, Louis, so much...

Whipple nods enthusiastically.

LOUIS
Coleman, I think we'll just take our drinks in the living room by the fire.

Coleman holds up the dessert he has so carefully prepared.

COLEMAN
No dessert, sir?

LOUIS
You have it.

COLEMAN
Thank you, sir.

Coleman bears the dessert into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Coleman empties the dessert into the garbage...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... then sits down at a table and pours himself a dry martini from a silver cocktail shaker. He switches on the TV with a remote control device and settles back to watch some soft porn on a late night cable station. A red PHONE on the wall starts emitting a HIGH-PITCHED BEEP. Coleman answers it.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
Hello?... I see, Mr. Duke... a scientific experiment... not at all, sir... yes, it does sound very original...

Coleman grimaces as he listens.

COLEMAN
(continuing)
It's your house, sir, and I work for you... I will make the necessary arrangements. No, you didn't wake me, sir. I was just polishing some silver. And good night to you, sir...

Coleman puts the phone down, shaking his head, and then pours himself another dry martini and swallows it all off.

COLEMAN
(mutters)
What an asshole.

INT. WHIPPLE'S LIVING ROOM

Kimberley and Whipple are petting heavily on the polar bear rug in front of the blazing fireplace. She begins groaning in his ear.

KIMBERLEY
Mumsie wants to give a party for us right after New Year's -- January second. Is that good for you?

LOUIS
(kissing her neck)
Isn't that sweet of Mumsie, flying all the way from Paris just to...

Whipple suddenly bolts upright.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Omigod.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)
The second of January? It's impossible.

KIMBERLEY
But why?

LOUIS
That's the day the crop report comes out.

She pulls him back down, unbuttons his shirt, starts kissing his chest.

KIMBERLEY
What do those silly crop reports have to do with Mumsie's party?

LOUIS
(starting to breathe heavily)
It's the... busiest time of the year... in the office... because...

Kimberley is slowly working her way down his chest towards his belt.

LOUIS
(continuing)
... everything comes to a head. Once a year the Department of Agriculture collects estimates from forty-four states... what their crop production is going to be... wheat... soybeans... pork ... bellies!... frozen orange juice...

Whipple's eyes are beginning to glaze over, his head is lolling back in pleasure.

LOUIS
(continuing)
... everyone's trying to guess whether the price is going... to rise... or go down.
(a beat)
Down... down... down.

Louis is in ecstasy as Kimberley vanishes OUT OF FRAME. He's starting to gasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS
(continuing)
... wild rumors everywhere...
furious trading... the commodities
market is going... CRAZY!!...
prices are going up and down...
up and down... it's MADNESS!!

We hear Coleman's voice from across the room.

COLEMAN (O.S.)
Sir?

Whipple rolls the polar bear rug over himself and Kimberley and dimly makes out Coleman silhouetted in the doorway.

COLEMAN
(continuing)
Will you be needing me anymore
this evening, sir?

LOUIS
No! No! I have everything!
Everything I want! Good night!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL HOLDING TANK - DAWN

Billy Ray Valentine is holding court for the 6 other INMATES in the cell, embellishing his side of the story as much as Whipple did. The Inmates are a racially-mixed group.

BILLY RAY
See, I had the dude under surveillance
for 'bout a week. Tha's why I'm
dressed so funky in these sadsack
threads. I'm in disguise. I ain't
gon' make my move till I'm sure the
dude's got the payroll.

Billy Ray snaps his fingers and INMATE #1, a LATINO, gives him a cigarette and lights it for him.

INMATE #1
Tell how you cut him, Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY
I never cut him, fool. You think
I need a knife?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INMATE #1
You tole me last night you cut the dude.

BILLY RAY
I cut him with these, baby.

Billy Ray makes his hands into fists, shadow boxes a la Muhammed Ali, demonstrating how he conquered Whipple.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
This was some bad dude, man. Big. Ugly. Red face like a pig. I musta hit him ten, twenty times before he bit the concrete.

One of the white INMATES is glaring suspiciously at Billy Ray. He's about 6'4", 240 lbs., with a shaved head and an earring. His name is CANDY and there is nothing sweet about him.

INMATE #1
Tell how you beat on the cop.

BILLY RAY
Wasn't no cop. I'm talking plural, dropshot. They was cops. Six of 'em. I had to change my whole strategy around.

Billy Ray assumes what he takes to be a karate pose and demonstrates a few kicks and screams.

CANDY
When you came in and they booked you, you wuz cryin' like a pussy.

BILLY RAY
You ever took a shot of tear gas in the face? I'm not talking about laughing gas, sucker. I'm talkin' about what they use when they know they got a crowd on their hands.

CANDY
You beatin' on the man, you puttin' the man in hospital, how come I don't see a mark on you?

BILLY RAY
Internal injuries, fool.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
Inside, I'm hurt. Inside.

Billy Ray sits down, glances at his wrist, which holds no watch.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Them bitches of mine better get down, make my bail soon, I'm gon' have to whip some ass.

CANDY
(mimicking Billy Ray)
Say, where is yo' bitches, Mr. Big-Time Pimp?

BILLY RAY
I told you, the phone in my limo is out of order. I can't reach them.

CANDY
It ain't healthy being a jive turkey so close to Thanksgiving.

Candy gets up and advances on Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY
You know who you messin' with?

Billy Ray backs away until he's pinned against the bars. He looks over his shoulder, raising his voice to attract a guard.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
You know who you be about to be beatin' on in cell number three on the second floor?

A DOOR CLANGS open and a GUARD comes down the tier.

GUARD
Billy Ray Valentine?

BILLY RAY
That's me. Billy Ray Valentine. You got the right man.

The Guard wearily opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
Move it. You made bail.

BILLY RAY
I did?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Billy Ray stands in front of the processing-out counter. looking around for a familiar face. The SERGEANT, behind the steel mesh grill, empties out the meager contents of a large manila envelope onto the counter.

SERGEANT
Valentine, Billy Ray. One empty pack of cigarettes; one rabbit foot, synthetic; three pennies, one Canadian. Count your money and sign here.

Billy Ray signs.

BILLY RAY
Say, who bailed me out?

The Sergeant stares coldly at him.

SERGEANT
Beat it.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

The blizzard is still raging. Billy Ray comes out the front door, goes down a few steps, and then instinctively turns and tries to get back inside but a policeman shoves him out again.

Billy Ray descends the steps and hurries along the street, flapping his arms to stay warm. A limousine pulls up alongside, an electric window slides down: Randolph and Mortimer Duke are sitting there.

RANDOLPH
Mr. Valentine? Could you spare us a moment?

Billy Ray cautiously approaches the window, peers in, and recognizes the Duke brothers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A black chauffeur called MARCUS, a man of about 30, watches the scene curiously in his rear view mirror. Billy Ray's hair and eyebrows are furred with snow.

BILLY RAY
Wait a minute. I know you.

RANDOLPH
Get inside, Mr. Valentine. It's nice and warm in here.

Behind him, Mortimer waves a bottle of liquor as a bribe.

MORTIMER
Whiskey. All you want.

Billy Ray backs off.

BILLY RAY
Uh-uh. I don't fall for the same trick twice. What you gon' do, get me inside and have me arrested for stealing your car?

RANDOLPH
Why should we do that, Mr. Valentine? We're the ones who bailed you out.

The chauffeur gets out and opens the door for a very puzzled Billy Ray Valentine.

INT. DUKE LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Billy Ray, consumed with paranoia, sits between Randolph and Mortimer. He's taking everything in: the color TV, the lavishly stocked bar, the teletype. He can barely control his nerves.

Mortimer pours him a glass of scotch and hands him the bottle. Billy Ray jams the bottle in his jacket and swallows off the drink. Randolph offers him an open box of cigars. Billy Ray takes a handful and clutches them to his chest.

BILLY RAY
What do you want? Who are you?

RANDOLPH
We want to help you, Mr. Valentine.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
My brother and I run a privately funded program to rehabilitate culturally disadvantaged people. We would like to supply you with a home of your own, a car, a generous bank account, and employment with our company.

MORTIMER
We're going to start you at eighty thousand a year.

Billy Ray, clutching the bottle and cigars, leans forward and whispers to the chauffeur.

BILLY RAY
Am I on the TV? This 'Candid Camera', Jim?

The chauffeur shakes his head.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
They a couple of queers, right?

The chauffeur again shakes his head.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
What do I do?

The chauffeur shrugs.

Billy Ray sits back, glances at Mortimer, at Randolph, then looks ahead.

BILLY RAY
What about the po-lice and the payroll?

RANDOLPH
We've had the charges dropped, Mr. Valentine.

MORTIMER
You're a free man, Valentine. We can stop right now and you can walk away from us forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY
(shouts involuntarily)
No! No!
(a beat)
I mean, I don't mind staying with you fellows for a while.

RANDOLPH
Excellent. I'm Randolph Duke.

Billy Ray, unwillingly, lets go of his bottle and cigars to briefly shake Randolph's hand.

BILLY RAY
What's happening, Randolph?

RANDOLPH
And my younger brother, Mortimer.

BILLY RAY
Tha's good. Yeah. Billy Ray Valentine

The limousine pulls up in front of Whipple's brownstone.

RANDOLPH
Here we are... William.

Billy Ray stares in wonderment at Whipple's townhouse.

BILLY RAY
Billy Ray. It's Billy Ray.

INT. WHIPPLE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The front door swings open and Coleman ushers Billy Ray and the Duke brothers into a grandly appointed foyer. Billy Ray, still clutching his bottle and cigars, warily looks around like a nervous animal. Coleman is resplendent in a classically cut suit, suede shoes, and a silk tie.

RANDOLPH
William, this is Coleman. He'll look after your day to day needs. Cooking, laundry, driving, organizing your social calendar. Feel free to call on him should you need anything at all.

Coleman steps forward and tries to relieve Billy Ray of his bottle and cigars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
Allow me, sir.

BILLY RAY
(holding on to them)
That's okay.

COLEMAN
May I have your hat, sir?

BILLY RAY
What he wan' with my hat?

MORTIMER
Coleman is here to take care of you. He's your servant.

COLEMAN
Your hat, sir?

Still not comprehending, Billy Ray removes his ragged knit cap and hands it to Coleman who hangs it on a hat rack stuffed with umbrellas, walking sticks, and various fine hats owned by Whipple.

Billy Ray looks around in awe at the opulently decorated townhouse. Behind him, Mortimer holds his nose and points at Billy Ray's tattered clothing.

MORTIMER
(to Coleman)
Valentine very badly wants to take a hot bath and get into something comfortable.
(to Billy Ray)
Don't you, Valentine?

A frightened Billy Ray stares at three nodding faces. He thinks they're <u>all</u> queer.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

An enormous marbled and tiled bathroom complete with gold fixtures, tropical plants, a sauna, a steamroom, a shower big enough to hold a Boy Scout troop.

Billy Ray is up to his neck in a sunken bathtub, glancing apprehensively at Coleman...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... who is gathering up his dirty clothing on the floor. Coleman walks over to the tub, and Billy Ray covers up his private parts.

COLEMAN
Jacuzzi, sir?

BILLY RAY
Say <u>what</u>?

COLEMAN
A whirlpool, sir. I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

Coleman hits a button and the bath water starts swirling and bubbling around Billy Ray. As frightened as he is, he can't help laughing wildly as the jets of water tickle his body. He's never been in a jacuzzi before in his life.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM DOOR

Randolph and Mortimer have their ears to the door, listening to Billy Ray's wild yelping, when the door opens and Coleman comes out, carrying Billy Ray's clothing.

MORTIMER
What's he doing in there?

COLEMAN
He's... singing, sir.

RANDOLPH
They're very musical people, aren't they?

COLEMAN
What should I do with his clothing?

RANDOLPH
Burn them, Coleman.

MORTIMER
I should say not. He'll have to have something to wear back to the ghetto after I've won our bet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER (CONT'D)
(to Coleman)
Send them to the laundry.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Coleman opens a vast walk-in closet filled with expensive suits, shoes, shirts and sweaters -- it's like the men's department at Brooks Brothers. Coleman takes down a grey flannel suit jacket and holds it out for Billy Ray, who's dressed in shoes, socks, underpants, and a shirt.

COLEMAN
I imagine this will be a comfortable fit, sir.

Billy Ray allows Coleman to help him on with the jacket. It's a perfect fit. As Coleman proffers the matching suit trousers and Billy Ray slips them on, Randolph and Mortimer wink at one another -- it seems to be working.

Billy Ray whispers to Coleman.

BILLY RAY
Wha's goin' on? What do they want?

COLEMAN
They want you to be comfortable, sir. Like they are.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Coleman draws the curtains, revealing a panoramic view of the city. The living room is high-ceilinged, furnished with antiques, fine art, tapestries and Persian rugs.

RANDOLPH
Well, William, what do you think?

Billy Ray, now dressed in Whipple's grey flannel suit, is surreptitiously pocketing a silver table lighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY
Oh, you got a nice pad here. Real nice.

MORTIMER
I don't think he understands, Randolph.

Watched by the Duke brothers, Billy Ray pockets a jade figurine, a silver flask, and an ivory snuff box; his pockets are bulging. He smiles at them.

RANDOLPH
Uh, William?

BILLY RAY
(brightly)
Yes, suh!

RANDOLPH
This is your home. It belongs to you. Everything you see in this room is yours now, your personal property. Do you understand?

Billy Ray understands but he doesn't believe it.

BILLY RAY
Oh sure, yeah. Like you gon' just give me that color TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
That's right.

BILLY RAY
And this stereo, tha's mine, too. Sure, you jes' be givin' all this shit away. It's all mine. Yeah, I can dig it. This kind of thing happens to me all the time.

Mortimer loses patience. He strides over to Billy Ray and starts emptying his pockets.

MORTIMER
This is your house. These are your personal possessions. If you insist on carrying them around in your pockets, feel free to do so. You are only stealing from yourself.

It's too much for Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY
You throw my ass in jail, then you handin' me whiskey and clothes, talkin' 'bout how this is my house, my rug, my slave... what you think I am? Some jive nigger? What I think is, I think if you ain't full of shit, I ain't even awake!

RANDOLPH
I understand how you feel, William. The fact remains this is all yours and you may do whatever you wish with it.

BILLY RAY
Is that right? Anything I want.

Billy Ray's eyes angrily light upon a Ming vase on a pedestal. He snatches it up and starts to toss it from one hand to the other.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
This mine, too, huh? I can do anything I want with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mortimer shudders and Coleman can't bear to watch, as Billy Ray tosses the vase up and lets it shatter on the floor. Billy Ray stares down at the pieces and winces.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Omigod... I knew I shouldn't have done that.

Randolph pats him on the shoulder.

RANDOLPH
Perfectly all right, William. It was your vase. Would you like to destroy something else?

Billy Ray stares into each of their faces in turn -- no one is yelling at him, and he can't understand it.

BILLY RAY
Was some cheap vase, right? Was a fake or something?

RANDOLPH
I think we paid thirty-five thousand for it, but I seem to remember we estimated its value at fifty thousand dollars for the insurance company.
(Randolph chuckles)
You see, Mortimer, William has already made us a profit of fifteen thousand dollars.

Mortimer laughs nervously, and is joined by Coleman, and finally by Billy Ray whose laughter is touched by desperation, as he still has no idea what the hell is going on. The three old men think it's a hoot and laugh even harder, falling about the place. Billy Ray is nodding and laughing, too.

BILLY RAY
Hey, you wan' me to bust up something else?

Randolph, Mortimer and Coleman simultaneously raise their hands.

TOGETHER
NO!

CUT TO:

EXT. HERITAGE CLUB - DAY

Whipple walks along the street towards the club entrance.

ACROSS THE STREET

A man steps out of a doorway, glances at his watch, and pushes a tiny button on it, just as Whipple enters the club. The man's name is CLARENCE BEEKS. He is a steeley-eyed, dedicated looking character. He glances up at the top floor of the Heritage Club and nods.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

nod back to him from the glassed-in alcove where they are sipping hot milk.

MORTIMER
I just hope we're not pushing our luck, using Mr. Beeks for <u>this</u> as well as for the Crop Report.

RANDOLPH
We're involved in an important scientific experiment, Mortimer. Getting the Crop Report is just business.

A GONG SOUNDS at the far end of the lounge and the members, including Randolph and Mortimer, rise and begin filing out.

CUT TO:

INT. HERITAGE CLUB HALLWAY

Whipple walks along with the other members. Clarence Beeks, coming in the opposite direction, bumps into Whipple, and plants something in his pocket.

BEEKS
Excuse me.

It is done so casually and expertly Whipple hardly notices.

CUT TO:

INT. HERITAGE CLUB BOARD ROOM

An oak panelled room dominated by a table large enough to accomodate some forty odd members. The members have taken their seats and are called to order by the club President, GRANT CRAWSHAW, an icy patrician who is in an obvious temper.

CRAWSHAW
Gentlemen, there is something rotten in the Heritage Club. Something that has never reared its vile head during the two hundred and eight years of the club's history.

The room is stunned and silenced.

CRAWSHAW
(continuing)
There is a thief and he is sitting here among us. Not an ordinary thief like the man Whipple had the guts to stand up to yesterday.

A few hurrahs for Whipple, who beams modestly.

CRAWSHAW
(continuing)
No. This man is a hundred times lower. You don't get into this club if you need money. You get into this club because you've got what it takes. And if you join this club and if you think you can creep around the cloak room and the locker room and steal the money out of people's pockets...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAWSHAW (CONT'D)
... you've got another think coming.
(a beat)
I'd like to introduce Mr. Lawrence to you. He works for 'Beeks & Liddy & Gates'.

MR. LAWRENCE, a mild-mannered, inoffensive man in his late 20's, stands up and walks to the head of the table.

MR. LAWRENCE
Gentlemen, I'd like to ask you all to stand up.

Everyone stands up.

MR. LAWRENCE
(continuing)
I'd like to ask you to put your left hand on the shoulder of the man to the left of you.

Everyone puts his left hand on the shoulder of the man to his left. They are all remarkably excited and obedient.

MR. LAWRENCE
(continuing)
I would now ask you to place your right hand in the trouser pocket of the member to your right and empty the contents of his pockets onto the table.

Everyone complies. The table is quickly filled with car keys, spare change, wads of dollar bills, etc. The whole experience is obviously tense and embarrassing, and yet so suspensful that no one objects.

MR. LAWRENCE
(continuing)
Thank you for your cooperation. You may sit. We marked three fifty dollar bills with red X's. These bills were stolen less than ten minutes ago from a coat in the cloak room. One of our operatives witnessed the theft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Lawrence slowly moves down the table, as heads turn, and finally stops in front of Whipple, who tries to keep a smile on his face. Mr. Lawrence picks up the money lying on the table and holds it up to the room. The bills are clearly marked with a red X.

Whipple turns pale. He stares wildly around.

LOUIS
Wait a minute. I've never seen this money before in my life. Wait!

People are avoiding his gaze, turning their backs on him as they rise from the table. TWO other OPERATIVES, who have been sitting on chairs against the wall, rise, and swiftly handcuff Whipple. He can't believe it.

LOUIS
(continuing)
It's a lie! Randolph! Mortimer! I didn't do a thing!

The members are starting to leave the room, shunning Whipple, who is getting hysterical as he's led to the door.

LOUIS
(continuing)
I'm innocent! Someone must have put the money in my pocket!

Randolph pauses in front of Whipple, gazes sternly and sadly into his eyes.

RANDOLPH
Oh Whipple, I'm glad your parents are not alive to see this.

The Two Operatives lift Whipple up and bodily carry him from the room. His last sight is of Clarence Beeks standing by the door, watching him. Beeks is talking into his wristwatch, as the club members stream past him.

BEEKS
(into wristwatch)
Phase one. Operation Dead Duck. We have Blast Off.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

It's the same one Billy Ray was bailed out of that morning. TWO COPS in uniform drag a handcuffed and protesting Whipple into a large, brightly-lit room filled with other handcuffed suspects. Everyone is glum and resigned: the ethnic underclass who have been here before. Whipple, however, remains firmly under the illusion he is still a man of importance. He addresses the two cops.

LOUIS
Mistake... you guys are making a big mistake. You're putting your hand into a hornet's nest on this one. Oh boy, are you two going to be sorry. Louis Whipple? It doesn't mean much to you now but it will! You're making a career decision here -- think about it -- you're going to live with it for the rest of your life. You know how you spell connections in this town? W-H-I-P-P-L-E. Whipple.

Cop #1 releases Whipple from his handcuffs. Whipple thinks he's finally managed to intimidate them.

LOUIS
(continuing)
I know, I know, I got two phone calls. Just point me to the phone.

COP #2
Take your clothes off.

LOUIS
Now wait a minute. I know my rights.

COP #1
Strip, you little shitburger before I tear you a new asshole.

LOUIS
(addressing the room)
Did you hear what he just said to me? I have witnesses to this. This man is physically threatening me.

COP #2
Strip!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cop #2 clouts Whipple across the side of the head with his open palm. Stunned by what is happening to him, Whipple begins to undress. The other suspects have turned their backs on him. He gets down to his underpants.

COP #1
Everything off.

LOUIS
Please, I...

COP #2
OFF!!

Whipple drops his drawers and covers his privates with his hands.

COP #2
(continuing)
Hands above your head.

Whipple shuts his eyes and lifts his hands high in the air. Cop #2 checks through the hair on Whipple's head, under his arms, in his mouth, and looks at the soles of his feet.

COP #2
(continuing)
Bend over and spread 'em.

LOUIS
(weakly)
What?

COP #1
You heard him. Body search.

Whipple is forced to bend over. We see --

WHIPPLE'S HORRIFIED FACE

hanging upside down between his legs, staring into the malevolent eyes of Cop #2. Whipple's eyes suddenly widen in shock as <u>something</u> is inserted into a very private part of his body. Whipple faints dead away.

CUT TO:

WHIPPLE

in his underpants, sags comatose against the counter, propped up by the two cops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP #3 goes through his clothing, removing his personal effects, and bagging them in a manila envelope.

COP #3
Whipple, Louis, the third. One gold watch, one alligator skin wallet, Master Charge, American Express, Gold Card, Carte Blanche, Visa, Diner's Club, one set of keys, one checkbook, cash -- sixteen cents, one diamond and gold ring...

LOUIS
(almost inaudible now)
My engagement ring.

COP #3
Tickets to the opera, pocket calculator, one cellophane bag of...

Cop #3 holds up a cellophane bag filled with white powder and tears it open. He dips a pinky finger into it, and takes a taste.

LOUIS
That's not mine. I've never seen that before in my life.

COP #3
They've seen a lot of it down at the lab. That's a lot of heroin, mister. You're looking at three to five mandatory.

Whipple's eyes roll back, he starts to sag.

CUT TO:

WHIPPLE'S LIFELESS FINGERS

being pressed onto an ink-pad and then onto a fingerprint sheet. Whipple is being booked.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - WHIPPLE'S FACE

in profile, looking left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A cardboard sign with his name and a series of numbers below it dangles from Whipple's neck. A camera FLASHES brightly. Whipple's mug shots are being taken.

CLOSE - WHIPPLE'S FACE

in profile, looking right. The camera FLASHES again.

CLOSE - WHIPPLE'S FACE

staring DIRECTLY AT US. His eyes are glazed over, his skin ashen and beginning to sag, his expression full of shock, despair, and desperation. Louis Whipple III looks like a criminal.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF BILLY RAY'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A puzzled Coleman is staring down at a pile of tennis rackets, skin-diving equipment, and golf clubs stacked on the floor near the front entrance. He looks up, and sees Billy Ray descending the stairs, carrying skis, poles, and ski boots.

COLEMAN
May I ask what you're doing, sir?

BILLY RAY
I'm gettin' rid of a few of my things. These are mine, right?

Billy Ray drops the ski gear onto the pile, and glances sideways at Coleman, testing him.

COLEMAN
Of course they are. But sir, you may need this equipment one day. What if you decide to go on a holiday?

BILLY RAY
Holiday? You think they gon' get me underwater with all those sharks, big ugly teeth snappin' at my ass? They ain't gettin' me up no mountain, either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
Avalanche, frostbite, break my legs? This is dangerous shit here and I don' want it in my house!

COLEMAN
I understand, sir.

BILLY RAY
You got to do what I say, right?

COLEMAN
Yes, sir.

BILLY RAY
How come?

COLEMAN
I don't know, sir.

BILLY RAY
Yeah, well, be some weird shit going down around here. I aim to enjoy it while it lasts.
(a beat)
You put this stuff in my car. I'm gon' change into my goin'-out clothes.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A white Mercedes 600 is parked in front with Coleman holding the back door open. Billy Ray, wearing sunglasses, comes down the steps. He's dressed himself in as many of Whipple's clothes and pieces of jewelry he can fit on his body -- loud plaid slacks, green velvet smoking jacket, wolf fur ski parka, brown and white golf shoes, three flowing silk scarves, Panama hat, and rings on all his fingers. He pauses at the bottom of the steps, glances coolly around, checks the wristwatch on his left hand, and then the wristwatch on his right hand.

BILLY RAY
It's late. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - DAY

Billy Ray is in the back, enjoying himself in these plush surroundings. CLASSICAL MUSIC is DIMLY PLAYING. Billy Ray leans over and changes the station to some LOUD, HOT BOOGIE-DOWN FUNK.

BILLY RAY
Hang a left up there, Coleman, my man.

CUT TO:

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

The Mercedes pulls to a stop in front of a pawnshop. Coleman gets out, walks around, and opens the door for Billy Ray. Billy Ray takes his time, waits until something of a crowd has formed, and then gets out.

BILLY RAY
(to Coleman; very artificial)
Get my... skis and my... underwater deep-sea scuba shit.

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

BARNEY, an elderly white man, peers out from behind his cage as Coleman brings in all the sporting equipment.

BARNEY
What're you doing? What is this?

BILLY RAY
(to Coleman)
Check out the car, man. Those people are thieves.

COLEMAN
Yes, sir.

After Coleman leaves, Billy Ray removes his shades and Panama hat.

BILLY RAY
It's me, man. Billy Ray.

Barney comes out from behind his cage, stares at Billy Ray, then looks through the window at the crowd forming around the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY
How'd you get this stuff?

Billy Ray glances over his shoulder, and then whispers.

BILLY RAY
Barney, I don't know. But this is all mine! I got a whole house, I got a limousine, I got a driver, and I got a job. These two crazy old white dudes done decided to make me rich.

BARNEY
(incredulous)
Why?

BILLY RAY
I don't know. I'm afraid to ask 'em.

Barney opens his cash register, looks at Billy Ray.

BARNEY
That's the lamest story I ever heard in my life. Not even you could have made that up.

Barney counts out some money and hands it to Billy Ray, then starts carrying the sporting gear back behind his cage. He notices a name-tag on the tennis racket, and on the skis.

BARNEY
Hey, Valentine! Who's this 'Louis Whipple'?

BILLY RAY
I don't know, and I don't care.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

The Mercedes is surrounded by people. Billy Ray glides up to it, counting his bankroll. Coleman is holding the door open for him.

BILLY RAY
(to the crowd)
Let the car breathe.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
Don't be crowdin' it like that.

Billy Ray climbs inside, and stares aloofly ahead, not looking at the faces peering in through the windows. Coleman finally gets behind the wheel.

COLEMAN
Where to now, sir?

THE MERCEDES

pulls out, makes a U-turn, and comes to a stop in front of a bar directly across the street from the pawnshop. Coleman unhappily goes through the whole ceremony of opening Billy Ray's door for him again. The same crowd marches across the street, re-surrounds the car, and peers through the windows of the bar as Billy Ray marches inside.

INT. BAR - DAY

It's Billy Ray's local bar, patronized by a racial mixture of pimps, hookers, and conmen. Billy Ray struts over to the bar and takes a seat, as heads turn.

BILLY RAY
Gimme a bottle of your best champagne, my man.

The BARTENDER looks suspiciously at him.

BARTENDER
You got some nerve showing your face around here after all this time.

BILLY RAY
I got your money! I got your po' measly twenty-seven dollars. With interest!

Billy Ray peels some bills off his bankroll and tosses them on the bar. A good-looking HOOKER sees the money and sidles up to him.

HOOKER
Billy Ray...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOKER (CONT'D)
... is that you?

BILLY RAY
Who you think it is?
(to the Bartender)
Champagne for the lady!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
And... drinks for everybody...
courtesy of Billy Ray Valentine!

Everybody crowds up to the bar, thanking him, clapping him on the back. While Billy Ray is basking in this glory, a very large and menacing white man pushes his way through the crowd and glares at him. It's CANDY, the same guy who nearly terrorized Billy Ray in the holding cell earlier.

CANDY
Where do I know you from?

Candy removes Billy Ray's sunglasses.

CANDY
(continuing)
You were in the tank last night, braggin' on your lim-o-zeen. You was the jive turkey I was gonna carve up.

Candy grabs Billy Ray by his jacket lapel.

BILLY RAY
Jive turkey? Take a look outside, chump! That's my car! That's my driver!

Candy flings open the door, sees the Mercedes, Coleman, the crowd gathered around them.

Billy Ray gets off his barstool, stretches luxuriantly, lays some cash down on the bar, checks both his watches.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Time for me to be headin' home. Any of you ladies care to drop by for cocktails? There's lots of room in my German lim-o-zeen.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MERCEDES - MOVING - DUSK

Billy Ray, in the back seat, is surrounded by half a dozen HOOKERS, all cooing over him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOKER #1
Where you been, Billy Ray? How come I haven't seen you around lately?

Billy Ray pops a bottle of champagne from the back bar and serves it around, as if he's been doing this all his life.

BILLY RAY
Uh... I been on holiday... over in Europe... Yeah, I been skiing over there and... and doing a lot of scuba diving, too. That's under water, you know.

Coleman is listening to Billy Ray's jive with new interest. A HOOKER in the front seat coyly rubs herself against him.

HOOKER #2
You really Billy Ray's chauffeur?

COLEMAN
Oh yes, madam. That I am.

HOOKER #2
How long you been driving for him?

COLEMAN
Oh, quite a long time.

Coleman glances in his side mirror, and grimaces at the sight of --

FOUR PIMP CADILLACS

filled with people, following him back to the townhouse.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY RAY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The party is in full swing -- MUSIC BLARING, people dancing, drinking, turning on. Billy Ray is on the sofa, flanked by TWO lovely looking WOMEN fawning over him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's not at all relaxed, though, and seems more interested in making sure no one breaks anything than in enjoying himself. A dancing COUPLE execute a nifty step which inadvertantly knocks over a half-full bottle of champagne on the table in front of Billy Ray. Billy Ray catches it in the nick of time.

BILLY RAY
Watch yourself! Tha's a Persian rug from Persia, man.

Billy Ray grimaces as he spots a cigarette butt lying ground-out on the floor. He picks it up, and waves it around.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Okay, who did this? What's wrong with you people? Not enough ashtrays around here? Who's putting out his smokes on my floor?

Everyone is having too good a time to even notice Billy Ray. Coleman comes by with a tray of canapes. Coleman is enjoying the party, and is obviously slightly sozzled himself.

COLEMAN
Would you like me to prepare some more hors d'ouevres for the guests, sir?

BILLY RAY
No more! They had enough!

Billy Ray looks around the room.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Where's the rest of 'em? Where'd they go?

COLEMAN
I believe some of the guests have adjourned upstairs, sir.

CUT TO:

THE STAIRS

Billy Ray bounds up the steps, two at a time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and finds himself face-to-face with Candy, sitting on the top stair, eyes at half-mast, a big smile on his face. Candy is holding a burning joint in his fingers, and is stoned out of his mind.

CANDY
(slurring)
Hey, man... I take it all back
... I apologize...

Billy Ray is fixated on the ash of Candy's joint, which is about to fall onto the stairs. Candy raises it to his lips, takes a pull. The ash topples from it, but Billy Ray catches it in his hand.

CANDY
(continuing)
... You're a righteous dude...

Billy Ray puts his hand in his pocket and walks with determination into...

THE MASTER BEDROOM

A few COUPLES are lounging on the bed, passing around a joint, and watching the color TV. TWO MEN, really stoned, are trying on some of Billy Ray's clothes and admiring themselves in the mirror.

Billy Ray glares at them all, walks over and turns OFF the TV.

BILLY RAY
Party's downstairs! Everybody out!

MAN #1
Hey, man, nice wardrobe. You
got some fine freaky shit here.
Can I borrow this suit? You
got real class, Billy Ray.

Billy Ray marches over to him, takes the clothes away, then notices a glass resting on the polished mahogany dresser. He snatches it up angrily, points to the mark it's made on the dresser.

BILLY RAY
Look at that ring!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
I don't be comin' 'round yo' pad making rings like that. Get out of here, and stop messin' with my antiques!

Billy Ray herds them all out.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

Billy Ray walks in, and turns OFF the MUSIC.

BILLY RAY
Party's over. Time to go home.

He separates dancing couples, snatches drinks out of people's hands; he's like a kid at his own birthday party suddenly irritated that everyone is playing with <u>his</u> toys.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Some people work for their living, you know. I got to get to the office tomorrow, <u>early</u>! Move it.

The drunk and dismayed guests are quickly herded out into the foyer, where a startled Coleman opens the door for them, and hands them their coats.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Goodbye! Don't be making noise out there! My neighbors work, too! They asleep! Go away!

The last guest to leave staggers towards the door. It's Candy.

CANDY
Was a stone groove, man... you're the most righteous...

BILLY RAY
I know! Goodbye!

Billy Ray slams the door and heaves a sigh of relief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
Your friends seemed to enjoy themselves, sir. I thought it was a great success.

BILLY RAY
They ain't my friends. Bunch a' freeloaders treatin' my house like some kinda zoo. Serves me right, tryin' to impress a bunch of low-lifes like that.

Coleman looks at Billy Ray with a new but puzzled kind of compassion.

COLEMAN
Why don't you retire, sir, and I'll straighten up. You have a big day ahead of you tomorrow.

Billy Ray unconsciously begins to adopt the stentorian, Mandarin tone of Coleman's speech.

BILLY RAY
Yes... I believe I will... <u>retire</u>. Good night, Coleman.

COLEMAN
Good night, sir.

Coleman watches, perplexed, as Billy Ray stiffly ascends the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON HOLDING TANK - MORNING

A burly INMATE is tying a striped silk tie around his neck. Another INMATE is trying on a grey flannel suit jacket, while a third INMATE is buckling up the matching suit trousers.

Whipple, nursing a black eye, sits in the corner of the cell. He is dressing himself in the discarded rags of the Inmates who've taken his clothes.

A GUARD comes down the hall, opens the cell door.

GUARD
Let's go, Whipple.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD (CONT'D)
Captain wants to see you.

Whipples struggles to the door.

GUARD
(continuing)
What happened to your eye?

Whipple glances back at the Inmates, who glare threateningly at him.

LOUIS
Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

CAPTAIN FRANKS is a very short meticulous man of forty-five, with the frigid merciless gaze of a prosecuting attorney. He glances up from a file as the Guard lets Whipple into his office. Franks is livid, but tries to control his temper.

FRANKS
If there's one thing in the world that makes me sick to my stomach, it's someone born with a silver spoon in his mouth who thinks it's cute to deal smack.

LOUIS
I can assure you, Captain, that this whole thing is a terrible mistake. That bag was planted --

FRANKS
(interrupting him)
Save it for the judge, Whipple. Two ounces of heroin. That money you pilfered from the Heritage Club is just going to be a little hors d'oeuvere for the jury.
(a beat)
I've checked you out, friend. That job you said you had? You don't have it anymore.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKS (CONT'D)
They're preparing charges against you for embezzlement!

Whipple is tearing his hair, jumping up and down, in agony.

LOUIS
Embezzlement? I've never stolen anything in my life!

Franks gets up, comes around the desk, and stands so close to Whipple that they're breathing the same air. Frank's eyes are twitching with suppressed rage.

FRANKS
You had it all, but it wasn't enough, Whipple, was it? You had to go for it, didn't you? I hate pople like you, Whipple. People like you should be torn to pieces by police dogs in public.

LOUIS
(nearly in tears)
I have done nothing!

FRANKS
Hire all the fancy lawyers you want. We got you up to your eyeballs in shit and it's going to be a pleasure watching the bubbles when you go under.

LOUIS
(almost pleading)
Why are you so mad when I didn't do anything?

Franks struggles for control, walks behind his desk, punches a button. The Guard reenters.

FRANKS
Tell it to your girlfriend. She's dumb enough to bail you out, she's probably dumb enough to believe you.

LOUIS
Kimberley knows about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKS
(to the Guard)
Get this dork out of here before I lose my temper!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kimberley sits angrily waiting on a crowded bench, looking up each time the door opens and another prisoner is released. She obviously finds the whole experience degrading.

CLARENCE BEEKS

stands on the far side of the room, by the door, watching Kimberley. His attention is caught by --

A GROUP OF HOOKERS

being released through the door. All are very provocatively dressed. One of them, OPHELIA, is a black woman in her early 30's, very streetwise, very tough, and very pretty. Ophelia is dragging her ass a little; she's just spent another night in jail. As she passes Clarence Beeks, he puts on dark glasses and hisses at her under his breath.

BEEKS
You want to make a hundred dollars, pretty mama?

Ophelia just grimaces at this square come-on and keeps walking. Beeks hurries after her, furtively displaying the money to her.

BEEKS
(continuing)
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

OPHELIA
Look, I just got out. What are you trying to do, entrap me right here in the police station? You guys must be getting desperate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beeks whispers something in her ear and hands her the money. She looks at him as if he's crazy but allows herself to be led out of the lobby.

WHIPPLE

is released out of the door. He looks around, sees Kimberley and almost breaks into tears. He advances towards her with open arms, dressed in awful clothes with a black eye.

LOUIS
(loudly)
Oh, darling, thank God you're here!

Kimberley cringes -- she can barely conceal her horror and embarrassment. Everyone is looking at them, as Whipple embraces her.

KIMBERLEY
(harshly; whispering)
Louis, you're making a scene!

LOUIS
My darling... oh, my sweet Kimberley. The good news is I'm innocent.

Whipple gets carried away and starts addressing the people sitting on the benches, as if they cared.

LOUIS
(continuing)
I didn't do it! I have never done anything even vaguely resembling this. Really! It's the truth!

Kimberley pulls him away, towards the door.

KIMBERLEY
(whispering)
Louis, you look awful. I'm so ashamed. Those clothes... and those shoes... and you've been fighting. And... and...
(sniffing in distaste)
... you smell.

LOUIS
I smell?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Do you realize where I've been since yesterday? They beat me up and stole my clothes.
(raising his voice)
Those people wanted to have sex with me!

KIMBERLEY
(under her breath)
Can't we discuss this somewhere else, Louis?

She drags him towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Whipple and Kimberley are arguing on the steps.

KIMBERLEY
Stealing from your friends at the club, Louis? Heroin, Louis? Have you lost your fucking mind, Louis? Mother wants me to call off the wedding. And... she's right!

Kimberley gropes in her purse for a Kleenex, as her eyes fill with tears.

LOUIS
Would you please, please just listen to me?

But Kimberley is already shaking her head and dabbing her eyes with the Kleenex.

KIMBERLEY
How could the man I loved, whose children I wanted to have, and breast feed, be a heroin addict?

LOUIS
I have never been... high... in my whole life! I am a commodities broker, I am not a junkie!

Suddenly Ophelia comes up the steps, lasciviously wraps her arms around Whipple, and plants a luscious kiss on his gaping mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pretends to be the stereotypical black junkie-hooker.

OPHELIA
Mmmmmmm... Why you wan' be so evil to me, Louie?

Ophelia glances at Kimberley, who is already putting her Kleenex in her bag preparing to leave.

OPHELIA
(continuing; to Kimberley)
Jes' give us a minute, babycakes.
(to Whipple)
I jes' wan' a taste. You know I good for the money. I'm sick, Louie. I need a shot.

LOUIS
(to Kimberley)
I have never seen this woman before in my life.

OPHELIA
Just a dime bag. I give you my soul, my body, I give you everything, Louie. I'm sick. I hurts.

Kimberley is already running down the steps. She jumps into a cab which pulls away, as Whipple furiously disentangles himself from Ophelia.

LOUIS
Oh, grand! Great! Thanks a lot!

Ophelia shrugs. She's tired and she never understood what this was about to begin with.

OPHELIA
(dropping her act)
It was a joke. Your friend said it would get you off.

WHIPPLE
Someone told you to do this to me? Who?

OPHELIA
Over there.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
He gave me a hundred dollars.

Ophelia points across the street but there is no one there.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - MOVING - DAY

Ophelia and Whipple in the back seat. She is reluctantly handing him twenty dollars while the DRIVER watches suspiciously in his rear view mirror.

OPHELIA
Now, let me get this straight. I'm going to loan you twenty for the cab, and you're going to give me fifty when we get to your house?

LOUIS
That is correct. My butler Coleman will give you fifty dollars and drive you anywhere you want to go.

OPHELIA
You don't exactly look like the type that has a butler, baby. If you're hustling me...

LOUIS
(indignant)
Hustling <u>you</u>? Hustling <u>you</u>?

Whipple pulls out his wallet, displays his collection of credit cards.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Do you think they just give these things to anyone? I can charge goods and services in eighty-six countries all over the world.

OPHELIA
Yeah, well, I don't take credit cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they pull up in front of the townhouse, the Driver looks over the seat.

DRIVER
Neither do I. That's twelve seventy-five, buddy. Cash.

Whipple starts to hand over Ophelia's twenty dollar bill but she snatches it out of his hand.

OPHELIA
(to Driver)
Wait here. I'm going to check this out.

DRIVER
Go ahead, lady. I'm curious about this, myself.

Whipple glares at both of them and gets out of the cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ophelia follows Whipple up to the front door. He tries his key but it doesn't work. The locks have been changed. He impatiently rings the doorbell. The door opens a crack -- it's on the chain -- and Coleman's face peers out.

COLEMAN
Yes?

LOUIS
Open the door. Something's wrong with my key.

COLEMAN
Who are you? What do you want?

LOUIS
Coleman, would you please open the door? I'm in no mood for jokes.

COLEMAN
Coleman? There's no Coleman here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN (CONT'D)
You've made a mistake.

The door shuts in Whipple's face. He starts banging his fists on it, ringing the bell.

BILLY RAY'S FACE

appears at the bedroom window, staring down at Whipple and Ophelia, wondering what all the commotion is about.

BACK TO THE FRONT DOOR

as it opens again, and Coleman peers out.

COLEMAN
If you do not go away, I shall be forced to call the police.

Ophelia glares at Whipple, hands on her hips, and then looks over at the Driver, who taps his forehead, suggesting that Whipple is a mental case.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE

Coleman closes the door and looks at the Duke brothers who have been eavesdropping on his conversation with Whipple. Coleman is a bit shaken by what he's been forced to do.

RANDOLPH
How did he look?

COLEMAN
Not very well, sir. He seems to be keeping company with a black prostitute.

The news pleases Randolph immensely.

RANDOLPH
Excellent. You see, Mortimer?

MORTIMER
Good God.

BILLY RAY

appears at the top of the stairs in his silk robe, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

BILLY RAY
Who's that at the door? What do they want?

RANDOLPH
Nothing that need concern you, William. We'll see you in the office later.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FINANCIAL DISTRICT

The pavement is crowded with well-dressed people going to work. Heads turn at the sight of Whipple, in rags, emerging from the taxi and furiously striding along, pursued by Ophelia who can barely keep up in her high heels.

OPHELIA
Your house. Your butler. Where's my fifty bucks?

She follows him into a crowded bank.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Whipple writes out a check for a FEMALE TELLER and smirks patronizingly at Ophelia.

LOUIS
I'd like five hundred dollars cash. In fact, make it a thousand.

The Teller punches the numbers out on her computer which EMITS a LOUD warning BUZZ. She walks over, confers with a BANK MANAGER who approaches Whipple.

MANAGER
I'm sorry, Mr. Whipple.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
The IRS has frozen your accounts.

The Manager nods at a Security Guard who takes up a position beside Whipple.

LOUIS
Do you know who I am?

MANAGER
You're a heroin dealer, Mr. Whipple. It's not the kind of business we want here at First National.

The Manager picks up Whipple's wallet from the counter and removes all the credit cards.

MANAGER
(continuing)
I've been ordered to repossess your credit cards.

The Security Guard leads Whipple and Ophelia to the door. Whipple is beside himself, yelling back at the startled Manager and tellers.

LOUIS
What am I supposed to live on? What's going to happen to me?

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DAY

Whipple is tossed onto the snowy pavement by the Security Guard. He sits there, fists clenched, pounding the pavement, nearly hysterical.

Ophelia comes out and looks down at Whipple, shaking her head.

LOUIS
Do I look like a heroin dealer? Why is someone trying to deliberately ruin my life?

Ophelia spots TWO PATROLMEN approaching down the street.

OPHELIA
I don't know, honey, but you're gonna get arrested if you don't get up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whipple picks himself up and glares at the Patrolmen, who check him out as they pass by.

LOUIS
(muttering under his breath)
Fascist pigs... oink-oink-oink...

Whipple is starting to lose it. Ophelia pulls him away.

OPHELIA
Look, honey, I can tell you've got all kinds of problems. Let's just forget about the fifty dollars. I'm tired, I want to go home.

She starts towards the waiting cab.

LOUIS
You've got to believe me! I'm being framed! You can't just leave me here!

OPHELIA
I got enough trouble.

LOUIS
I have over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in this bank. But you don't care. You helped them do this to me.

Ophelia climbs inside the cab, looks out at Whipple standing forlornly on the sidewalk.

OPHELIA
(to Driver)
You think he's really got some bucks?

DRIVER
He's either rich or he doesn't have all his oars in the water.

Ophelia beckons Whipple over with a finger.

OPHELIA
Let me see that wallet of yours again.

Whipple hands it to her. She takes his wrist and examines his expensive watch and engagement ring and then feels his palm.

OPHELIA
(continuing)
Soft hands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Never done a day's hard work...
and a manicure.

She starts going through the contents of his wallet -- a driver's license; membership cards to the Heritage Club, and the Chicago Board of Trade; a business card that identifies him as the Managing Director of Duke & Duke; a photograph of Whipple and Kimberly at their engagement party being served champagne by Coleman. She looks up at Whipple who is staring down at her cleavage.

OPHELIA
(continuing)
Well, what are you waiting for?
Get in.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY RAY'S MERCEDES - MOVING - DAY

Billy Ray sits in the back seat, dressed in the same grey flannel suit and tie that Whipple was wearing the day they collided on the street. On his lap rests Whipple's attache case.

He suddenly notices --

WHIPPLE

in a cab stopped in the opposite lane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whipple is talking heatedly to Ophelia, gesturing with his hands as --

BILLY RAY

peers out through the window.

BILLY RAY
That's the guy who was at the front door this morning!

Coleman sneaks a glance at Whipple, and quickly looks away.

COLEMAN
Sir?

BILLY RAY
Right there! Man, he looks just like the motherfu... the individual who had me unwrongfully busted.

COLEMAN
Who are you referring to, sir?

BILLY RAY
On my left!
(to himself)
He wasn't dressed like that. He looked more like...

Billy Ray glances down at his pressed 3-piece suit and attache case, and a suspicion starts to form.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
... me.

WHIPPLE

in the middle of talking to Ophelia suddenly notices Billy Ray in his car. His eyes pop.

LOUIS
That's my car! That's Coleman! And that's...

THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS CHANGE

and the taxi and Mercedes pull away in opposite directions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Ray and Whipple are both craning their heads around, eyes locked on each other in dawning recognition.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKE & DUKE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The Mercedes pulls to a stop in front. Coleman gets out and opens the door for Billy Ray who glances over his shoulder down the street.

BILLY RAY
Something awful strange is going on around here. Some strange shit!

COLEMAN
(a beat)
You don't want to be late for your first day at work, sir.

Billy Ray turns and peers up at the intimidating sky-scraper. He gulps.

BILLY RAY
What do they want from me? What am I supposed to do up there?

COLEMAN
I'm sure they'll tell you, sir.

BILLY RAY
Yeah, but what if I can't do it?

Coleman gives Billy Ray an encouraging pat on the shoulder, and then gazes up at the top floor. It's evident that he already feels a certain repugnance for the role he's being forced to play, as well as a growing compassion for Billy Ray.

COLEMAN
Just be yourself, sir. No matter what happens, they can't take that away from you.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD smiles from behind his desk as Billy Ray enters, and takes a few tentative steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
Morning, Mr. Valentine.

BILLY RAY
(startled)
What?

GUARD
That's your elevator right over there, sir.

CUT TO:

THE ELEVATOR

as Billy Ray enters it. The ELEVATOR OPERATOR smiles brightly at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPERATOR
Morning, Mr. Valentine.

The elevator already contains half a dozen brokers, all dressed much like Billy Ray and carrying attache cases. Billy Ray swallows hard, eyes wide with fear, as the elevator shoots upwards.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

and Billy Ray steps out into the reception area of Duke & Duke. He looks like a scared kid on his first day at school. He turns back to reenter the elevator, but the doors close in his face.

RECEPTIONIST.
Welcome aboard, Mr. Valentine. They're waiting for you in that last office down the hall.

Billy Ray walks down the hall with his attache case. His forehead is beaded in sweat. He takes a deep breath and is about to knock when Randolph opens the door.

RANDOLPH
William, my boy. Right on time. Come in, come in.

INT. DUKE BROTHERS' EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Randolph and Mortimer lead Billy Ray over to a vast desk. Resting on it is a glass of orange juice, a cup of coffee, a slice of bread, a piece of bacon, an ear of corn, a dollar bill, and a bar of gold.

RANDOLPH
Sit down, William.

BILLY RAY
Uh... I already ate but you go ahead.

MORTIMER
This isn't a meal, Valentine. We're here to <u>try</u> to explain to you what it <u>is</u> we do here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
We are commodities brokers, William. Now... what are commodities? Commodities are agricultural products. There's coffee like you had for breakfast...

Randolph picks up the various products on the table, as he mentions them; it's as if he's teaching a four year old.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
... and there's wheat that's used to make bread! And pork bellies that are used to make bacon that you might have in a bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwich, or even with your eggs in the morning; and there are other commodities like frozen orange juice, and gold, though of course gold doesn't grow on trees like oranges. Clear so far?

BILLY RAY
Right on, Randolph.

RANDOLPH
Now everyday the prices of these commodities go up, or down.

Randolph raises and lowers his hand dramatically. Billy Ray nods in understanding. Randolph activates the computer screen on the desk and gets a read-out on the day's gold prices.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
For instance, right now gold is selling at three hundred and twenty-six dollars an ounce.

BILLY RAY
Three hundred twenty-six and forty-five cents an ounce.

RANDOLPH
Very good, William.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
Now, some of our clients are betting that the price of gold is going to rise in the future. And we have other clients who are betting that the price of gold is going to fall. They place their orders with us, and then we buy or sell that gold for them.

MORTIMER
Tell him the good part.

RANDOLPH
The good part, William, is that whether our clients make money or lose money, Duke and Duke gets its commission.

MORTIMER
Well, what do you think, Valentine?

BILLY RAY
Sounds like you a couple of bookies.

RANDOLPH
(to Mortimer)
I told you he'd understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

Ophelia and Whipple are walking along the pavement. Whipple is carrying two loaded bags of groceries. They're walking by "street people" who can't figure out what a black hooker is doing with a white guy with a black eye, dressed in crummy clothes, who's talking up a storm.

LOUIS
It's the same guy who tried to rob the payroll! We were fighting on the street. That's him. No doubt about it. He planted the drugs on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns into a tenement doorway, followed by Whipple.

LOUIS
(continuing; to himself, almost)
The man is going to die. I am going to destroy him.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT STAIRCASE - DAY

Ophelia trudges up the stairs, followed by Whipple, who is still talking, and carrying the groceries.

LOUIS
He was wearing my Harvard tie. Can you believe that? Oh sure, he went to Harvard!

Ophelia opens the door to an apartment with a small Christmas tree in the corner.

LOUIS
(angrily laughing)
I mean, if he's driving around in my car he could actually be living in my house! Maybe he's taken my job! Ha-ha... maybe he's fondling my fiancee right this minute.

Ophelia slams the door shut.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Let me assure you, he is going to pay for this. What I am going to do to that... sneak doesn't bear description.

Ophelia takes the groceries from Whipple, sets them down.

OPHELIA
Let's get one thing straight, Louie. Taxis cost money. Food costs money.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Rent costs money. You want me to help you, I expect a lot in return.

Ophelia pulls open a large closet which is empty except for a few items of men's clothing. Some huge shirts and jackets.

OPHELIA
(continuing)
These belong to the last guy who thought I was giving out free rides.
(a beat)
You can use them if you want.

LOUIS
(shaking his head)
I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate this... uh...

OPHELIA
Ophelia.

LOUIS
'Ophelia'? That is a beautiful name. You realize your name is...

OPHELIA
Hamlet's girlfriend. I know. Every white trick in this town's told me about that dumb bitch. This ain't Shakespeare, Louie, you dig? I am talking about a business proposition. I help you get back on your feet, I want something good. Like that diamond ring and that fur coat your girlfriend had.

LOUIS
Definitely. Anything, anything you want. You deserve it a hundred times more than her

Satisfied, Ophelia heads for the bedroom, unzipping the back of her dress. Whipple is staring at her beautiful figure. Ophelia turns as she reaches the door and notices the funny look in his eyes. She points at the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA
By the way, food and rent ain't the only things that cost money around here. That's your bed.

CUT TO:

INT. WHIPPLE'S FORMER OFFICE - DAY

Billy Ray, Randolph, and Mortimer are gathered around the computer terminal screen on the desk, closely watching as the day's quotation for Pork Belly prices fitfully drops.

RANDOLPH
It's hit rock bottom. Come on, let's buy.

Mortimer dials a number on the phone.

MORTIMER
(into phone)
Mortimer Duke here. Buy two hundred May Belly contracts at sixty-six point eight. Put it on my personal account.

CUT TO:

THE TRADING ROOM

where Richards, the black broker, is taking Mortimer's call. He can see Mortimer, Randolph and Billy Ray in the glassed-in office overlooking the floor.

RICHARDS
(into phone)
Two hundred May Bellies at sixty-eight point eight... Yes, sir.

Richards covers the phone with his hand, looks up at Whipple's office.

RICHARDS
(continuing; to his Assistant)
Who's that up there with the Dukes?

ASSISTANT
Whipple's replacement.

RICHARDS
(smiling with surprise)
No shit.

CUT TO:

BILLY RAY

watching the Duke Brothers as they study the screen, and sadly shaking his head.

BILLY RAY
Mistake. Big mistake.

Randolph and Mortimer both turn and look at Billy Ray.

MORTIMER
Mistake?
(a beat)
Valentine, something very important is going on here. Just watch!

BILLY RAY
You gon' get reamed on this one.

Randolph silences Mortimer with a hand signal. He's intrigued.

RANDOLPH
(to Billy Ray)
Why shouldn't we buy now, William?

BILLY RAY
Price is going to keep going down.

MORTIMER
Randolph, this isn't Monopoly money we're playing with.

Randolph takes the phone out of Mortimer's hand and speaks into it.

RANDOLPH
(into phone)
Randolph Duke here. Hold that belly order a moment.
(to Billy Ray)
Now tell me why you think the price of pork bellies is going to go down.

BILLY RAY
It's Christmas. Everybody's uptight.

Mortimer groans at this simplistic explanation.

MORTIMER
Could we please buy now, Randolph?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY
You want to lose money, go ahead.

RANDOLPH
What are you trying to say, William?

BILLY RAY
Simple. I been watching this thing you got all morning. The whole purpose of this commodities deal is to separate as much money from as many people as possible, right? Ain't no way for you to make any money unless some other guy loses his. Right?

Billy Ray begins pacing around and gesturing.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Okay, these pork belly prices been dropping all day. Everybody's waiting for them to hit bottom so they can buy cheap and go long. And all the guys who got all these pork belly contracts right now are going batshit because they're losing money, and they're thinking it's Christmas coming up and they ain't gon' have no money to buy presents, and their kids are going to look at them like they was shit, and their wives ain't going to want to sleep with 'em, and they're screaming -- 'SELL! SELL!' -- because they don't want to lose all their money. That's what they're doing. I can feel 'em out there, they're panicking!

BROKERS

on the trading floor have stopped what they're doing to watch Billy Ray, whose performance is almost like a preacher testifying.

RANDOLPH

stares at the computer screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
He's right, Mortimer. My God, look at it!

THE SCREEN

shows the price continuing to drop -- drastically..

RANDOLPH
That's a terrible price. Look at it, it's sitting there... like a turd in a toilet. That could have been us, Mortimer.

BILLY RAY
When it gets down to around sixty-four, I'd buy. You'll have cleaned out the last suckers by then.

Randolph swiftly adds some figures on a pocket calculator.

RANDOLPH
(to Mortimer)
Do you realize how much money he just saved us?

MORTIMER
(furious)
Money isn't everything, Randolph.

Randolph doesn't even respond to Mortimer's sour grapes. He takes the phone out of his hand and speaks into it.

RANDOLPH
(into phone)
Advise all our clients interested in bellies to buy at sixty-four. Mr. Valentine has set the price.

Randolph puts the phone down, shakes Billy Ray's hand.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
Well done, William. Very well done.

MORTIMER
Come on, Randolph, we're going to be late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dukes leave and Billy Ray heaves a sigh of relief. Suddenly he notices a money clip lying on the floor under Mortimer's chair. It's stuffed with high denomination bills. His eyes light up as he counts it.

BILLY RAY
Awright!

And then, just as swiftly, a suspicion forms in his mind.

CUT TO:

THE ELEVATOR

as Randolph and Mortimer step inside. The doors start to close but at the last second a hand reaches in and the doors open again. It's Billy Ray, panting.

BILLY RAY
Mortimer dropped his money. Here. It's all there.

RANDOLPH
Thank you, William.

BILLY RAY
Count it. It's all there.

RANDOLPH
I'm sure it is, William, thank you. And keep up the good work.

The elevator doors slide shut.

Randolph fans thebills in the money clip and then tosses it to Mortimer.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
Nice try, Mortimer.

Mortimer is sulkily mortified.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUKE & DUKE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Whipple, unshaven, wearing shades, an ill-fitting leather coat, lime green slacks, shoes with four-inch stacked heels, and a pork-pie hat, enters the lobby and is immediately observed by the same Security Guard we saw earlier.

Whipple crosses over to the building Directory.

CLOSE - THE DIRECTORY

Whipple's finger moves down it, pauses at the listing for "Duke & Duke", continues down the names of personnel, then stops at --

W.R. VALENTINE.....MANAGING DIRECTOR

THE GUARD

approaches Whipple cautiously, not recognizing him, convinced he's a suspicious character.

GUARD
Are you looking for anyone in particular, sir?

Whipple narrows his eyes and nods grimly.

GUARD
(continuing)
Is he expecting you?

Whipple shakes his head, his eyes burning with determination.

GUARD
(continuing)
I'm sorry, sir, but this is a private building. I'll have to ask you to move on.

Whipple points a trembling finger at the Guard, and then freezes at the sight of --

BILLY RAY

coming out of the elevator, surrounded by adoring employees of Duke & Duke, who are all laughing at a joke he's just made.

WHIPPLE

eyes blazing, watches Billy Ray cross the lobby towards the front exit. The Guard takes Whipple firmly by the arm.

GUARD
I asked you to move, pal. Now I'm telling you.

The Guard's free hand snakes towards his holstered gun, but Whipple wrenches his arm free and glares at him.

LOUIS
Do not mess with me. You do not know what you are messing with.

The Guard is flabbergasted as Whipple turns on his heel and dramatically heads for the exit.

EXT. DUKE & DUKE BUILDING - DAY

Whipple comes outside and spots Coleman driving Billy Ray away in the white Mercedes limousine. Whipple nods grimly.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNEY'S PAWNSHOP - DUSK

Whipple removes his gold watch and slides it across the counter to Barney, who gives it a desultory once-over, then puts it down and starts blowing on his hand.

BARNEY
Burnt my fingers.

LOUIS
I beg your pardon?

BARNEY
This watch. It's so hot, it burnt my fingers.

When Whipple finally gets it, he's indignant.

LOUIS
Hot? Hot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY
Very hot. Fifty bucks.

LOUIS
Fifty dollars?!! This is a Concord Mariner 5G, the thinnest water-resistant watch in the world! Singularly unique, sculptural in design, executed in warm 14-karat gold, handcrafted in Switzerland, water-resistant to three atmospheres! The sports-watch for the '80's! Six thousand five hundred and ninety dollars retail!

BARNEY
Got a receipt?

LOUIS
It tells the time in Gstaad, Monte Carlo, Beverly Hills, Sydney, Australia --

BARNEY
Here in Philadelphia it's worth fifty bucks. Take it or leave it.

LOUIS
Just give me the money.

Barney counts out some bills while Whipple stares down at the display case, where a pair of binoculars rests next to a chrome-plated pearl-handled .45 automatic.

LOUIS
(continuing)
How much for those binoculars?

Barney stops counting the money.

BARNEY
Fifty bucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. VETERANS STADIUM - DAY

The Philadephia Eagles football team is playing in driving snow and sub-zero temperatures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whipple, blue with cold, his teeth chattering uncontrollably, is in the cheap seats, surrounded by drunken rabid Eagles fans, some of whom have taken their shirts off for the TV cameras in a display of ultimate machismo. They jeer at Whipple for being a pussy.

Whipple is the only person in the stands not watching the football game; instead, binoculars to his eyes, his gaze is transfixed across the field at --

THE OWNER'S BOX

It's glass enclosed, comfortably heated, luxuriously appointed. The people inside are eating hors d'oeurvres and sipping champagne while they watch the game through the glass partition.

Among them are the Duke brothers; GEORGE WHITTINGTON, owner of the team; several attractive women; and Billy Ray Valentine.

WHITTINGTON
I'm considering going long on April wheat. What do you think, Valentine?

As Billy Ray is about to speak, everyone's neck cranes in his direction, as if he were E.F. Hutton.

BILLY RAY
I can think of three pretty good reasons why you shouldn't do that George.

WHITTINGTON
Really?

BILLY RAY
First, the Russian wheat harvest is going to be better than anyone expects. Second, the winter in the Midwest isn't as bad in the wheat-producing states as it is everywhere else. And third...

Billy Ray glances down at the football field, where --

THE PHILADELPHIA QUARTERBACK

throws a pass which is intercepted and run back for a touchdown. The scoreboard reads: Opponents 28, Eagles 0.

BACK TO SCENE

BILLY RAY
... the way your team's playing this afternoon, you're going to need all the money you got to buy some new players.

Whittington turns red. Everybody else freezes in embarrassment, except Mortimer, who's smirking with delight. Billy Ray goes pale. Suddenly Whittington breaks out in raucous laughter, clapping Billy Ray on the back. Everyone else joins in, including Billy Ray. When he spots two of the women smiling broadly at him, he winks seductively at them.

CUT TO:

WHIPPLE

watching the scene with mounting fury, unaware that he's now nearly covered in snow. Whipple has seen enough, but the binoculars are momentarily frozen to his face. He manages to pull them free, taking part of his eyebrows along with them.

He looks down at his hands. They're frostbitten and frozen stuck to the binoculars. He can't get them off. Then he starts sneezing violently. A WOMAN sitting next to him looks at Whipple with repulsion.

WOMAN
Don't you cover your nose when you sneeze? You're disgusting.

Whipple starts to explain but sneezes again. He's had enough. He gets up and makes his way down the aisle, hands still stuck to his binoculars. Just then, the Eagle quarterback trots out on the field, and the fans start letting him have it.

FANS
Booo! Go home, ya bum! Get outta here!

Whipple looks up at their rabid eyes, which seem to be glaring in his direction. He thinks they're talking to <u>him</u>.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY RAY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The white Mercedes pulls up in front and Billy Ray gets out with the two women we saw in the owner's box. They move tipsily towards the front door, Billy Ray in the middle, an arm around each of their waists. They're singing and doing funky little dance steps. They suddenly stop at the SOUND of an EXPLOSIVE SNEEZE.

WHIPPLE

shivering in a doorway across the street is watching them. He starts to sneeze again but stifles it.

BILLY RAY

lets the women inside the house and then takes a last look out at the street before closing the door behind him.

WHIPPLE

glares up at his former home as lights go on upstairs and the SOUND of MUSIC drifts down. He explodes in a fit of violent sneezing.

CUT TO:

INT. OPHELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Whipple, dressed in one of Ophelia's sexy bathrobes, sits with his feet in a pail of hot water, with a thermometer stuck in his mouth. He looks sick as a dog. Ophelia pours some boiling water into the pail and removes the thermometer from his mouth.

OPHELIA
One hundred and three. That's it. You're going to bed.

LOUIS
(through blocked nose)
The man is living in my house. He's stolen my job... I have to do something.

Whipple tries to rise but is overcome by dizziness. Ophelia catches him just in time.

CUT TO:

INT. OPHELIA'S BEDROOM

Whipple, buried under blankets and hot water bottles in Ophelia's bed, is still shivering with cold. Ophelia looks at him in disgust and begins undressing herself.

LOUIS
(teeth chattering)
W-w-what are you d-d-doing?

Ophelia strips down to bra and panties and climbs in next to him. She wraps her body around him from behind. Whipple gives her a fawning grateful look and sighs.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Oh, Ophelia. That feels so good.

OPHELIA
Don't be getting no ideas, fool.
I'm just protecting my investment.
Now go to sleep.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

A PHOTO of Billy Ray on the front page. A headline above it reads -- "NEW APPOINTEE VALENTINE ELECTRIFIES DUKE & DUKE".

The paper is crumpled violently and we see --

LOUIS

sitting up in bed, tossing the paper aside, and getting up.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Billy Ray, the Duke brothers, and some CLIENTS are having a business lunch. Billy Ray is holding court between mouthfuls of quail.

BILLY RAY
Pork bellies are tricky. I'll tell you the truth.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
I was in one of those gourmet markets yesterday and I heard these two ladies, real nicely dressed, talking about how no way were they going to buy bacon at a dollar eighty-nine a pound. I figured if they can't afford it, neither could the average housewife, until the price went down. So Duke and Duke went short this morning. We picked up a very nice piece of change.

CLIENT #1
He went straight to the consumer. Now that is what I call an innovative approach.

CLIENT #2
Brilliant, absolutely brilliant.

KIMBERLY

wends her way through the tables and stops behind Randolph and Mortimer.

KIMBERLY
Hi.

RANDOLPH
Kimberly, what a lovely surprise!

MORTIMER
Glad to see you're getting out and about again.

Kimberly glances with interest at Billy Ray.

KIMBERLY
(to the Dukes)
Well, aren't you going to introduce me?

MORTIMER
Franklin Simmons, John Fitzpatrick, gentlemen. I'd like you to meet Kimberly Witherspoon, our grand niece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Ray, who has been left out of the introductions, pulls out a seat for Kimberly.

BILLY RAY
William Valentine. Won't you join us?

KIMBERLY
I know. I saw your picture in the paper. I thought if I twisted your arm you might come up with a hot tip for me.

CUT TO:

WHIPPLE'S FACE

peering murderously through the restaurant window at Billy Ray and Kimberly engaged in animated flirtatious conversation. It's the last straw.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNEY'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

Whipple wrenches the engagement ring off his finger, slides it across the counter to Barney and points at the .45 automatic in the display case.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY RAY'S LIMO - MOVING - MORNING

Billy Ray is smoking a cigar and reading the Wall Street Journal.

Coleman peers at him admiringly through the rear view mirror.

COLEMAN
I understand things are going very well at the office, sir.

BILLY RAY
Well, Duke & Duke just enjoyed the most profitable quarter in its history.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
If I may say so, sir, you've done remarkably well in such a short time. It's only been three weeks.

Billy Ray lowers his newspaper and gazes reflectively out the window.

BILLY RAY
Three weeks? Is that all? You know, I can't even remember what I used to do before all this happened to me.

COLEMAN
All you needed was a chance, sir. I could tell that right from the beginning.

BILLY RAY
That's nice of you, Coleman. Between you and me, if I ever had to go back to what I used to do, I'd jump right off the top of 'Duke and Duke'.

Billy Ray lifts his newspaper and resumes reading, observed through the mirror by a distressed Coleman.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKE & DUKE - CHRISTMAS EVE - LATE AFTERNOON

A Christmas office party is in full swing. The room is done up in Christmas decorations; there's a buffet table set up with food and liquor; most of the employees of Duke & Duke are already celebrating; there's even a man in a SANTA CLAUS costume wandering around soliciting charity.

CUT TO:

BILLY RAY'S OFFICE

A chart on the wall shows an ascending black line, with Billy Ray's name beside it, indicating Duke & Duke's profits since he joined the firm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Ray is seated at Whipple's former desk, going through the payroll checks and Christmas bonuses and entering them in a ledger. He picks up one of the checks and stares at it, puzzled.

CLOSE - THE CHECK

is made out to "Clarence Beeks" in the amount of $10,000.

BACK TO BILLY RAY

picking up the check and walking out of his office.

CUT TO:

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Billy Ray maneuvers through the crowd, spots Randolph and Mortimer Duke, and approaches them.

RANDOLPH
Ah, William. Where have you been? The party's already begun.

BILLY RAY
I just have some work to finish up first. I was wondering --

RANDOLPH
(to Mortimer; gloating)
It's Christmas Eve and William wants to keep <u>working</u>, Mortimer. I'll be thinking of you in Stockholm when I accept the Nobel Prize.

MORTIMER
The wager has <u>two</u> parts, as I recall. Something about a second party turning to <u>crime</u>...

Billy Ray has no idea what they're talking about, yet he senses that it has <u>something</u> to do with him.

Mortimer suddenly notices Billy Ray staring curiously at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER
(continuing)
Didn't you say you had work to do, Valentine?

BILLY RAY
Yeah... I mean, yes... sir. I was going to ask you about this check to... Clarence Beeks, for ten thousand dollars?

Mortimer snatches it out of Billy Ray's hand.

MORTIMER
I'll take care of it, Valentine.

BILLY RAY
But we have no record of any Clarence Beeks working for the firm.

MORTIMER
(scathingly)
It was before you joined us, Valentine. We did manage to stay in business for forty-seven years before your arrival.

Randolph grabs a drink and thrusts it into Billy Ray's hands.

RANDOLPH
Have a drink, William. And Merry Christmas.

Randolph puts his arm around Billy Ray's shoulder and leads him away, as Mortimer glares angrily after them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
Have I told you lately what a tremendous asset you've been to our firm, William?

CUT TO:

"SANTA CLAUS"

He's walking around with a coin box, on which are printed the words "United Charities," and asking for donations from the employees.

"SANTA CLAUS"
Ho-ho-ho! Thank you! Merry Christmas!

As he passes the buffet table, he wolfs down some cheese, a few cold cuts, a glass of punch. Then, when nobody is looking, he starts stuffing food down his oversized Santa coat.

Louis Whipple III is hungry.

He moves across the room, keeping up his jolly facade, when he suddenly collides with Billy Ray, who is deep in conversation with Randolph. Whipple struggles to regain his composure, and thrusts forward his coin box.

LOUIS
(continuing)
United Charities -- thousands of people -- fired, out of work -- hungry -- living in tenements -- living in hospitals -- the sick, the handicapped, the infirm, the framed. They thank you.

Billy Ray stares at "Santa" with a look that's just short of recognition. Randolph, on the other hand, is merely upset by the request for money.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Now, don't tell me you gave at the office... this is the office. Ho-ho-ho!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randolph searches his pants pockets, and the SOUND of JINGLING COINS is LOUDLY AUDIBLE.

RANDOLPH
Sorry, I don't seem to have any spare change.

Billy Ray pulls out a $20 bill out of his pocket, folds it and slips it through the coin slot.

LOUIS
Well, thank you! That's awfully generous. Merry Christmas!

Whipple moves quickly away from them and, when he's sure no one is looking, slips into --

BILLY RAY'S OFFICE

Whipple stops and stares in growing anger at the chart on the wall showing Billy Ray's ascending success story. Then he pulls a bag of drug paraphernalia out of his coat -- a handful of roaches, rolling papers, burnt spoons, syringes, a free-base kit, etc. -- and dumps it into Billy Ray's desk drawer. Whipple is going to plant drugs on Valentine, just as he thinks Billy Ray planted drugs on him.

LOUIS
(madly chortling)
Ho-ho-ho...

Billy Ray enters the office just as Whipple is closing the desk drawer.

BILLY RAY
And just what do you think you're doing?

Whipple turns in surprise, and backs away from the desk. He begins shouting at the top of his lungs.

LOUIS
Randolph! Mortimer! I've caught him! Come here! Quickly!

Billy Ray walks forward, staring at Whipple, as if trying to recognize him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY
Who are you?

Randolph and Mortimer come into the office, and Whipple points an accusing finger at Billy Ray.

LOUIS
I caught him redhanded! Look in his desk drawer!

MORTIMER
Whipple? Is that you?

LOUIS
I'm making a citizen's arrest! This man is a drug user!

Whipple is shouting at the top of his voice.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Look in his desk drawer! Heroin, amyl nitrate, quaaludes, marijuana, cocaine! He's the pusher!

Billy Ray calmly empties the contents of the drawer onto the desk.

BILLY RAY
Really. I caught this man planting these things in my desk. I'm willing to bet he's not with United Charities at all. This is obviously some primitive attempt to frame me.

LOUIS
Frame you? If that isn't the kettle calling the pot black!

BILLY RAY
(to the Dukes; sighing)
He's obviously some kind of lunatic racist. I'm calling Security.

Billy Ray picks up the phone on his desk. Whipple reaches into his pocket, pulls out a turkey drumstick, angrily tosses it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he reaches deeper into his pocket and pulls out a gun, and rips his beard off.

LOUIS
Freeze, motherfucker!

Billy Ray drops the phone. Now he recognizes Whipple.

BILLY RAY
(his speech reverting)
Easy, brother. Easy...

LOUIS
You tried to rob me. You plant drugs on me. You steal my job, my house, my car... my fiancee? Why not? You took everything else. I ought to kill you right now!

BILLY RAY
(totally regressed)
Kill me? I didn't do nuthin', man. I wasn't lookin' to get yo' job. I swear it. I didn't even know it was yours! Ask the Dukes!

Randolph, who's been savoring this confrontation and gloating at his brother, now realizes it's gone way too far.

RANDOLPH
Put that gun away at once, Louis! Have you lost your mind?

The Guard from the earlier scene pushes his way through the gawking employees into the office, and freezes as Whipple points the gun at him.

LOUIS
Freeze, donut-butt!

RANDOLPH
Louis, I realize this whole experience has been rather unsettling for you...

Whipple points the gun at Randolph, at Mortimer, at the Guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he backs out of the room, he removes the Guard's weapon. Whipple is in an emotional mess, a man pushed beyond his tolerance, dressed up as Santa Claus.

LOUIS
You'll be sorry, all of you.
Really sorry.

Whipple turns and flees.

MORTIMER
Whipple! Come back! We can explain!

BILLY RAY
Explain what?

The Guard reaches for the phone, but Randolph stops him.

RANDOLPH
Let him go.

Randolph smiles at the gawking employees, and shoos them out.

RANDOLPH
(continuing; full of false compassion)
Everything is all right. Back to the festivities. It's Christmas Eve. All is well with the world.
(to the Guard)
Thank you, Officer McDermott. I hope you enjoy your Christmas bonus.

Randolph manages to get them all out of the office. He turns and smiles sadly at Billy Ray.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
Poor deluded creature. We caught him pilfering from our club, embezzling funds here at the office, selling drugs. And now he's dressing up as Santa Claus. Very sordid business.

MORTIMER
A born criminal.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER (CONT'D)
I can't believe Whipple would fall to pieces like that.

The Dukes look closely at Billy Ray, hoping he hasn't tumbled on to the truth.

BILLY RAY
It's not my business, of course, but I think that man belongs behind bars.

MORTIMER
He's unemployed, William.

Billy Ray starts sweeping the drug paraphernalia into a waste paper basket. He's taking a high moral stand.

BILLY RAY
No excuse, Mortimer.

RANDOLPH
He's flat broke, and obviously hungry.

BILLY RAY
He's got money to buy drugs, though. You can't be soft on people like that, it's their own fault. Believe me.

Billy Ray walks out of the office with the waste paper basket.

CUT TO:

WHIPPLE

trudging despondently down the emergency stairs. He stops on a landing to drink deeply from a bottle of brandy he's stolen from the office party. He's got another fifty floors to go.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Billy Ray empties the contents of the waste paper basket into a loaded garbage trolly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He spies an especially fat joint, checks no one is watching, and pockets it.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE MEN'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Billy Ray comes inside, checks no one else is there, goes into a stall, locks the door behind him.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - STALL

Above the toilet seat is an air-conditioning vent. Billy Ray stands on the seat, opens the vents, and lights up. He takes a hit, and blows the smoke out through the vent. He's definitely getting high. Just as he takes an enormous hit off the joint, he hears the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING and FOOTSTEPS marching inside.

Billy Ray drops down out of sight. He's squatting on the toilet seat, staring at the burning joint in his hands, wondering what to do with it. Finally, he pops it in his mouth and swallows it.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

have entered the men's room, and are glancing under the stalls to make sure nobody else is present before they start talking. They can't see Billy Ray's feet because they're on top of the seat.

RANDOLPH
Pay up, Mortimer. I've won the bet.

BILLY RAY

struggling to hold in the smoke, listens popeyed to their conversation, completely puzzled.

A SULKING MORTIMER

takes out his wallet, removes a bill and hands it to his brother. We see that it's a one dollar bill. There's something particularly nasty about the fact that the Dukes have fomented all this trouble for a single dollar.

They walk over to the urinals, and unzip to take a leak.

RANDOLPH
I thought our experiment went very well, don't you? We took a perfectly useless psychopath like Valentine and turned him into a successful executive. In the same period of time, we turned an honest, hardworking man into a violently deranged would-be killer.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
(a beat)
Environment, Mortimer. I think the Nobel Prize people are going to be very impressed indeed.

They zip up, adjourn to the sinks, to wash their hands and groom themselves.

MORTIMER
That's all very well, Randolph. But what are you going to do about taking Whipple back and returning Valentine to the ghetto?

BILLY RAY

swallows the smoke and nearly begins coughing as he starts to realize what they've done.

RANDOLPH (O.S.)
Mmm... I hadn't really thought of that. It shouldn't be much of a problem. Whipple ought to be most grateful to reassume his position, and as for Valentine, I'm sure we can find him something at the club.

MORTIMER (O.S.)
He'd probably make a good waiter.

RANDOLPH (O.S.)
Excellent idea. He wasn't really all that good anyway. Beginner's luck, mainly, I think.

Billy Ray is now livid.

BACK TO THE DUKE BROTHERS

grooming themselves in front of the mirrors.

RANDOLPH
I do think we should hold off on switching them back until we get that Crop Report on New Year's Eve, though, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER
Absolutely. No sense rocking the boat until then.

RANDOLPH
I think that if Mr. Beeks does what we've paid him to do, we should have a very happy New Year.

MORTIMER
(chuckling)
Indeed.

The Duke brothers reprise their version of the "high five" and saunter out of the men's room.

THE STALL DOOR OPENS

and Billy Ray Valentine walks out, with a look of determination on his face. He glares at the men's room door as it swings shut behind the Dukes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKE AND DUKE - NIGHT

It's snowing heavily. Billy Ray rushes out of the building, looking for Whipple. He spies a Santa Claus crossing the street and runs after him.

BILLY RAY
Whipple! Wait!

Billy Ray catches up to him, turns him around. But it's not Whipple. Billy Ray runs on, turns the corner, catches sight of another Santa Claus descending into the subway at the end of the street.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Santa goes through the turnstile, blends into the crowd pouring down the stairs to the platform. A train is entering the station. Santa boards.

BILLY RAY

vaults the turnstile, catches sight of Santa, and manages to board the train just before the doors close.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Billy Ray makes his way through the compartment to the inter-connecting door, peers through the window, sees --

WHIPPLE

seated in his Santa outfit, staring glumly ahead. Opposite Santa a LITTLE BOY is seated with his MOTHER. All the passengers are silent, their laps filled with last minute Christmas gifts. The Little Boy nudges his Mother.

LITTLE BOY
It's Santa Claus, Mommie.

The Mother glances apprehensively at Whipple as he unzips his Santa coat and removes a bottle of brandy stolen from the party.

LITTLE BOY
(continuing)
Can I tell him what I want for Christmas?

MOTHER
He's had a very long day at the North Pole, honey.

Whipple takes a very long swig from the brandy bottle and jams it in his pocket. What he doesn't realize is that his coat is now open, and the two pistols stuck in his waistband are visible. The Mother notices them and then so do the other passengers. Everyone gets up and edges towards the doors. As the train pulls in to the next station Whipple gets up and prepares to get off, and everyone edges away from him and resumes their seats. Whipple is baffled by this mass rejection as he staggers off the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. GHETTO STREET - NIGHT

Whipple weaves along the snowy pavement, drinking from his bottle, and sarcastically singing snatches of "Jingle Bells". He finishes the bottle and tosses it aside.

BILLY RAY

cautiously following Whipple from the other side of the street sees him enter Ophelia's dilapidated tenement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns around and notices that he's standing right in front of Barney's Pawnshop. And, prominently displayed in the front window, he sees Whipple's skis, golf clubs, and scuba gear that he pawned not very long ago...

CUT TO:

INT. OPHELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ophelia is decorating the Christmas tree.

WHIPPLE

lets himself in, sheds his Santa costume, and throws it in the front closet. He enters and weaves unsteadily across the living room.

OPHELIA
Louie! Merry Christmas!

Whipple staggers drunkenly to the bathroom and slams the door shut behind him.

OPHELIA
(continuing)
When you come out, I've got a present for you.

There's no answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. GHETTO STREET

Billy Ray paces back and forth, gazing up at the lit windows of Ophelia's apartment. Finally, he decides to go in.

CUT TO:

INT. OPHELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ophelia goes over and opens it, revealing Billy Ray.

OPHELIA
Yes...?

BILLY RAY
Uh... I'm sorry to bother you like this... I'm looking for Whipple. Does he live here?

Ophelia stares at him in recognition.

OPHELIA
You better wait here.

Ophelia looks suspiciously at him, goes over to the bathroom door and knocks on it.

OPHELIA
(continuing)
Louie! It's him! Valentine!

No response.

OPHELIA
(continuing)
Did you hear me? What are you doing in there?
(knocks again)
Louie? Are you all all right?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Whipple is slumped in the bathtub. There's a glazed look in his eyes, and his arms hang limply over the edge of the tub. He burps loudly.

Whipple's hand opens, and an empty prescription pill bottle drops from it and rolls across the floor.

THE BATHROOM DOOR

is crashed open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ophelia and Billy Ray peer in at Whipple, who struggles for a moment to focus on them before his head slumps to his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY RAY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Coleman, dressed in his bathrobe, is opening his Christmas presents piled before him on the kitchen table. He pulls out a present, and examines the accompanying card.

CLOSE - THE CARD

reads -- "To Coleman for yet another year
of faithful service.
Merry Christmas
Randolph and Mortimer Duke."

BACK TO COLEMAN

as he opens the box and removes an obviously cheap and terribly unfashionable tie. He gets up, walks over to a utility drawer and pulls it open. Inside are all the other cheap ties the Dukes have given him for Christmas over the years. Some are even the same as the one they've given him this year. He starts to put it in the drawer, then thinks better of it, and takes them all out and throws them in the garbage.

The PHONE RINGS. Coleman answers it.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
Hello... Oh, dear... I'll be right over.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARK - NIGHT

There are a series of footprints in the snow, a small circle widening into ever larger ones.

Billy Ray and Ophelia have been walking Whipple around the park for hours, trying to keep him awake. They stop for a moment and try to pour some more coffee down his throat from a thermos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA
I think he's starting to come out of it.

Whipple opens his eyes, looks around, and focuses on Billy Ray. His eyes widen. He grabs Billy Ray around the throat and tries to strangle him.

LOUIS
You!!!

But he's too weak to hurt anyone. They take his arms around their shoulders and resume marching Whipple around.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Just wait till I stop seeing double ... You're a dead man, Valentine...

BILLY RAY
I've been trying to tell you all night -- it was the Dukes. They set this whole thing up.

OPHELIA
I believe him, Louis.

LOUIS
Well, I don't!!!

Another struggle ensues as Whipple makes another feeble attempt to attack Billy Ray. The two of them fall in the snow, and Billy Ray ends up sitting on Whipple's chest, holding him down.

BILLY RAY
Try and get it through your thick skull, Whipple! This whole thing was an experiment! And you and me are the guinea pigs! They made a bet over what would happen to us!

THE HEADLIGHTS OF A CAR

illuminate the two men as they struggle in the snow. They stare into the blinding lights, then see --

COLEMAN

emerge from the Mercedes and approach them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
(to Whipple)
I'm afraid it's all true, sir.

The truth is finally starting to dawn on Whipple. He looks from Ophelia's face to Billy Ray's, to Coleman's.

LOUIS
A bet? They ruined my life over a bet? A bet for how much?

BILLY RAY
One dollar.

Whipple finally gets it. He smiles and nods, but his left eye is twitching.

LOUIS
A dollar. Good. Okay. Fine.

BILLY RAY
You okay, man?

LOUIS
Oh, I feel wonderful. And I'm going to feel even better.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - A TELEVISION SET

A news broadcast is in progress. An Armed Security Guard is standing in front of a door marked "UNITED STATES ORANGE GROWERS ASSOCIATION."

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... Of course, not everyone gets to take Christmas Day off. In Miami, officials of the U.S. Orange Growers Association are meeting under heavy security preparing the crop estimates from all the orange-producing states...

INT. BILLY RAY'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Whipple is sitting on the couch in front of the TV, but he isn't watching it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's cleaning his two guns in a very determined and professional manner, watched by an alarmed Billy Ray and Ophelia.

BILLY RAY
Whipple, you cannot just go around shooting people in the knee caps because you're angry with them.

LOUIS
Why not?

BILLY RAY
Because it's called assault with a deadly weapon and it carries about a twenty year sentence in prison.

LOUIS
They have to catch me first.

BILLY RAY
You sure you went to Harvard, man? I suppose you're not going to let them take you alive either?

Whipple snaps open his revolver, spins the chamber, and sights down the barrel.

LOUIS
Got any better ideas?

BILLY RAY
Seems to me the way you hurt rich people is by making 'em into poor people. They don't like that one bit.

OPHELIA
You didn't like it much, did you, Louie?

Whipple stares ahead, thinking about it. He's facing the TV.

BILLY RAY
If we put our heads together, maybe we can come up with something with a little more class, you know what I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whipple silences him with a wave of his hand. He's suddenly rivetted to the TV screen.

CLOSE - THE TV

The same newsfilm shows a familiar MAN emerging from behind the Orange Growers Association door, a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. TWO PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY GUARDS escort him out of the building, and the three men enter a waiting car, which speeds away. The man is CLARENCE BEEKS.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... Under these elaborate security conditions, the crop estimates for next year's orange harvest are being delivered to the Department of Agriculture in Washington. They'll be kept locked in a vault and under armed guard until they're made public on January second...

BACK TO BILLY RAY

watching the screen, confused.

BILLY RAY
January second? What's he talking about? I heard the Dukes say they was getting that report on New Year's Eve.

Whipple points a violently shaking finger at the TV screen.

LOUIS
I know that man! I know I know that man!

OPHELIA
Hey, that's the guy gave me the hundred bucks to talk dirty to you!

THE TV

where Clarence Beeks is shown riding in a car, the briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... In charge of guarding the top-secret report so that speculators can't get a peek at it before it's made public is Clarence Beeks, head of the security firm of Beeks, Liddy, and Gates...

WHIPPLE AND BILLY RAY

jump out of their seats in unison.

LOUIS AND BILLY RAY
(simultaneously)
Clarence Beeks!!!

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... Security is so tight that not even Beeks himself is entrusted with a key to the briefcase handcuffed to his wrist...

BILLY RAY
The Dukes just paid that dude ten grand.

LOUIS
Ten grand? I saw a check made out to him for fifty grand. Mortimer said it was for research.

BILLY RAY
Yeah, research into how to get hold of a top secret crop report two days before it's made public.

LOUIS
Those slimey... those despicable swine! Do you realize what they're doing? Do you? They are going to corner the whole orange juice market!

BILLY RAY
(grinning)
You want to make a bet?

Whipple looks at Billy Ray and suddenly realizes this is their chance to get their revenge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS
Say, for a dollar?

Whipple and Billy Ray execute a fervent and complicated "soul handshake."

BILLY RAY
A dollar, baby.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - COLEMAN

He's preparing three plates for breakfast. The kitchen door opens and Billy Ray, Whipple, and Ophelia file in and look at him.

BILLY RAY
How'd you like to make a lot of money, Coleman?

OPHELIA
And retire in luxury for the rest of your life?

WHIPPLE
With the satisfaction of knowing you'd taken the Dukes to the cleaners?

COLEMAN
I have always made a point of avoiding speculative business ventures.

Coleman lifts the breakfast tray and looks at them.

COLEMAN
(continuing)
On the other hand, were your proposition to include a good fucking for the Dukes, yes, I believe I would be interested... most interested.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKE AND DUKE - DAY

Billy Ray is sitting at his desk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... listening to the interminable activity of the main switchboard as it CRACKLES through his PHONE INTERCOM.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Duke and Duke, may I help you? Mr. Johnson? May I ask who's calling, please?
(a beat)
I'm afraid he's busy. Could you hold, please?
(a beat)
Duke and Duke, may I help you?

It's clear Billy Ray has been listening to this for hours. He's almost dozing off.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
(continuing)
Just a moment, Mr. Beeks, I'll put you through.

Billy Ray snaps awake, punches a button on his desk phone, and very carefully lifts the receiver to his ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - A PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Clarence Beeks, dressed in a trench coat, sunglasses, and a hat, talks rapidly into the phone. The Washington Monument is visible in the distance.

BEEKS
(into phone)
Operation Strange Fruit proceeding according to plan. I estimate penetration and acquisition at twenty-one hundred hours tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKE AND DUKE - DAY

Randolph and Mortimer, seated at opposite desks in their office, are both listening on the phones.

MORTIMER
(into phone)
Excellent.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER (CONT'D)
When can we expect delivery?

BEEKS (V.O.)
Am coming in by train. Will rendezvous at twenty-four hundred hours, the Hilton Hotel, parking level 'D', section four, that's the orange section.

RANDOLPH
(chuckling)
Orange, very good, I like that.

BEEKS (V.O.)
Final payment is due on delivery. In cash.

CUT TO:

BILLY RAY

listening to the end of the conversation, and jotting it down on a notepad. When he hears the PHONES CLICK OFF, he hangs up his receiver, and heaves a sigh of relief. A second later, the INTERCOM on his desk BUZZES LOUDLY, startling him.

MORTIMER (V.O.)
(OVER INTERCOM)
Valentine, what are you doing?

Billy Ray involuntarily covers his notepad with his hand.

BILLY RAY
Nothin'! I'm not doin'... anything.

MORTIMER (V.O.)
Would you mind stepping in here for a moment?

Billy Ray reads the note on his pad, tears it off, balls it up, looks around, and then swallows it.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy Ray knocks and fearfully enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randolph and Mortimer, seated behind their desks, both suspiciously glare at him.

MORTIMER
Sit down.

Billy Ray takes a chair. Sweat is popping out on his forehead. The Dukes are both staring at him.

RANDOLPH
Everything all right, William?

BILLY RAY
(nervously)
Fine! Good. Real good. Everything okay with you?

MORTIMER
Enjoyed your Christmas, Valentine? You seemed in such a hurry to leave our little party.

RANDOLPH
You look like you've just seen a ghost. Can I get you some coffee, tea?

MORTIMER
How about...

Mortimer gets up, goes over to a sideboard, and pours a glass of orange juice from a silver pitcher. He holds it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER
(continuing)
... a nice cool glass of orange juice?

BILLY RAY
No! I mean, I'm not thirsty.

Billy Ray doesn't know if they're trying to poison him, if they know he's been listening in on their calls. He's a nervous wreck. Mortimer pours the orange juice back into the pitcher.

MORTIMER
Any idea why we've called you in here, Valentine?

Billy Ray violently shakes his head.

RANDOLPH
We've been watching you very closely, William.

MORTIMER
Closer than you think. Real closely.

RANDOLPH
You're a very clever young man, aren't you?

BILLY RAY
Not me. I... uh... really don't know anything...

RANDOLPH
Oh, yes you are, William. We know exactly what you've done.

Randolph reaches into his suit pocket, hands Mortimer an envelope, who gives it to Billy Ray.

MORTIMER
Open it.

Billy Ray opens it with trembling hands and removes a cashier's check. The Dukes wink at each other and break into laughter. It's all been a little joke -- at Billy Ray's expense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
Your salary, and a little Christmas bonus, William. You left the party before we could give it to you.

BILLY RAY
Holy Toledo... I... I don't know what to say.

MORTIMER
What are you going to do with all that money?

BILLY RAY
Well, I thought I might do a little speculating in the market myself.

Billy Ray rises from his chair.

BILLY RAY
Soybeans are kind of interesting and gold looks like it might make a move... but I got this funny feeling about orange juice. What do you think?

MORTIMER
Orange juice. Haven't heard anything about o.j. You, Randolph?

Randolph shakes his head.

RANDOLPH
Nothing. If we hear anything, William, you'll be the first to know.

BILLY RAY
Appreciate it. And thank you. Thank you very much.

Billy Ray backs out of the office and shuts the door.

RANDOLPH
Call the bank and get us a hundred million dollar line of credit.

MORTIMER
A hundred million?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
This time we're going for the whole enchilada, Mortimer. We've got the o.j. market by the balls. All we have to do now is squeeze.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE BUILDING - NIGHT

It's New Year's Eve.

A taxi pulls up in front of the building, and Clarence Beeks gets out, carrying a briefcase.

INT. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Elevator doors open and Beeks steps out into the corridor. At the end of it is a bank of what looks like a series of locked mailboxes. Sitting in front of them is a middle-aged uniformed Security Guard named EARL who's watching the New Year's Eve festivities on a portable TV set. Earl smiles and waves as Beeks approaches.

EARL
Evening, Mr. Beeks. Thought you'd be out celebrating tonight.

Beeks looks at his watch.

BEEKS
There'll be plenty of time for that later.

Beeks' voice becomes soothing and hypnotic as he holds up the watch to Earl's face.

BEEKS
(continuing)
Ever seen a watch like this, Earl? Watch the hand go around ... You're getting sleepy, Earl, aren't you?

EARL
(eyes drooping)
Yes, Mr. Beeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEKS
You're going to go to sleep now, Earl, and when you wake up you're not going to remember any of this.

Beeks presses a button on his watch, and a stream of knockout gas hits Earl in the face. He slumps forward on his desk, out cold.

Beeks removes Earl's keys from his pocket and opens one of the locked mailboxes. He removes a manila envelope on which is printed:

TOP SECRET - CONFIDENTIAL
USDA CROP REPORT
ORANGES

Beeks takes it over to a Xerox machine against the wall and begins copying the Crop Report.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

There's a train on the platform being prepared for departure.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Amtrak service to Philadelphia and New York now boarding on Platform Three. All aboard!

CLARENCE BEEKS

carrying his briefcase, walks along the platform, checking the numbers on the various cars. Behind him --

TWO TIPSY MIDDLE-AGED PORTERS

are driving a long train of freight dollies stacked high with animal cages. We see a sleeping lion; a gorilla; a sloth hanging upside down; a blue-assed baboon; and a hyena.

Behind the freight dollies --

WHIPPLE

dressed as a woman...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... wearing a red wig, a conservative wool suit buttoned up to the throat over ample breasts, is walking as quickly as he can in high heeled shoes, trying to keep Beeks in sight. He's carrying a large tote bag.

BEEKS

checks his ticket and glances at one of the train carriages, which has a SIGN on it that reads:

RESERVED FOR BALTIMORE ELKS CLUB
ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S EVE COSTUME PARTY

Through the windows we can see a dining car filled with revellers dressed in various costumes -- cowboy, gladiator, caveman, Dracula, King Kong, showgirl, French maid, etc. Two of them, dressed as the LONE RANGER and a FOOTBALL PLAYER, lean out the window, drinks in hand, and shout at Beeks.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Happy New Year!

LONE RANGER
New York, here we come!

Beeks glares at them menacingly, and then boards the train at the next car. Whipple follows after him, and draws appreciative whistles from the Elks.

INT. TRAIN - LAVATORY

Whipple removes some brownies from his purse, injects them with a syringe containing a clear liquid, and then checks his appearance in the mirror.

INT. THE TRAIN - NIGHT

Beeks makes his way down the corridor past a number of already inebriated commuters, and enters a first-class compartment. He puts his briefcase on the floor between his legs and checks his watch. Then he reaches into his shoulder holster, removes a gun, and checks that it's loaded.

He doesn't notice the animal cages passing by his window and then stopping. Finally, he turns towards the window and finds himself face-to-face with a hyena, who bares his teeth and laughs at Beeks ferociously. Beeks just glares back at the hyena until, frightened, it slinks away.

The door opens and Whipple enters the compartment, demurely taking a seat by the window across from Beeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They nod politely at each other. Despite the heavy makeup and red wig, there is an eminently respectable and genteel quality about Whipple. He looks like a married woman who probably goes to church every Sunday. He takes out a copy of "Redbook" with a picture of Nancy Reagan on the cover, smiles nicely at Beeks, and settles down for a good read.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT

The TWO PORTERS are loading the last of the animal cages inside.

An AMTRAK OFFICIAL hands them some invoices to sign.

OFFICIAL
These animals are being routed through to New York. Their feeding instructions are on their cages.

PORTER #1
(slurring)
Don't worry 'bout a thing.

OFFICIAL
You shouldn't have any trouble, but if you do there's a tranquilizer gun in the first-aid kit.

PORTER #2
(belching loudly)
Gotcha.

The Official looks at them suspiciously.

OFFICIAL
Have you guys been drinking?

PORTER #1
No, sir. Not us.

PORTER #2
Enough drunks on this train already.

When the Official leaves, the Porters climb into the Freight Car, slide the door shut, and lean against it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Porter #1 pulls out a flask and drinks deeply from it.

PORTER #2
(continuing)
What about my feeding instructions?

Porter #1 hands him the flask.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The train pulls out.

INT. BEEKS' COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Whipple puts down his "Redbook", opens a purse taken from his tote bag, and removes a lace hankie filled with brownies. He offers them to Beeks.

LOUIS
I baked them myself, for my son. He's in the United States Marine Corps. Won't you have one?

BEEKS
I'd love to, ma'am, but I'm allergic to chocolate.

Whipple tries to hide his disappointment. Somehow he has to get Beeks to take one of the drugged brownies.

LOUIS
He lost his legs in that terrible Vietnam War. Surely, just a little bite wouldn't hurt you?

BEEKS
I'd be happy to, ma'am, but it makes me break out in hives. You go ahead.

Whipple puts them back in his purse.

LOUIS
I really shouldn't. They're awfully fattening.

CUT TO:

BILLY RAY

in the corridor outside Beeks' compartment, pacing and nervously checking his watch, wondering why it's taking so long. The shades are down. He can't see what's going on inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT

The Two Porters, well-soused by now, are still passing the flask back and forth. Porter #1 gets it back and lifts it to his mouth, but it's empty.

PORTER #1
(drunkenly)
All gone...

PORTER #2
Let's go get s'more...

They stagger out of the compartment.

CUT TO:

TRAIN CORRIDOR - THE PORTERS

lurch drunkenly down the corridor and pass --

BILLY RAY

He checks his watch again, thinks about it, and finally, very nervously, opens the compartment door an inch and peers inside. Whipple and Beeks instantly turn and stare at him. Beeks, far from being drugged, is wide awake. There is nothing for Billy Ray to do but enter and take a seat several feet from Whipple.

The sight of a black man sitting next to a white woman in a first-class compartment makes Beeks' eyes narrow with hatred. Whipple finally breaks the tense silence.

LOUIS
(to Beeks)
How long have you been allergic to chocolate?

BEEKS
My whole life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS
Heavens to Betsy, you mean you've never been able to even take a teeny bite of a brownie?

BEEKS
That's right, ma'am. I ate chocolate as a child and went into convulsions.

Billy Ray finally understands why their plan isn't working. He looks at them both. He's going to have to improvise.

BILLY RAY
(to Whipple)
I'll bet you ain't allergic to chocolate, pretty mama.

Billy Ray leers provocatively at Whipple and slides across the seat towards him. Whipple stares at him in horror. He doesn't know what to do.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
You going to the Big Apple for New Year's Eve? Me, too. Mmmm ... I like a redhaired woman. You know, this isn't something happen to me a lot. But you and me, we could get down. You a beautiful woman.

LOUIS
I'm married.

Billy Ray smiles at Beeks, who would like to lynch him.

BILLY RAY
I can tell. You need some good loving, baby. Hey, I'm the man who can give it to you. I got a nice place. I can love a woman 'til she screams for mercy.

Billy Ray moves even closer to Whipple and whispers, making sure that Beeks hears him.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
You know what they say...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
... Once you go black, you never go back.

That's it for Beeks. He gets to his feet and steps toward Billy Ray, his eyes bulging, the veins on his neck about to burst.

BEEKS
Out!

BILLY RAY
Hey, I'm not talkin' to you, Jim, I'm talkin' to Red here. It's a free country.

Incensed, Beeks grabs for Billy Ray, who ducks under him and backs towards the door. Beeks stalks him, but his back is now turned to Whipple, who quickly switches Beeks' briefcase with an identical one he pulls out of his bag.

BEEKS
I am going to disembowel you with my bare hands.

BILLY RAY
I'm leavin'... Take it easy... Be cool...
(to Whipple)
I'll see you later, Red.

Billy Ray slips out the door a second before Beeks charges him.

LOUIS
Thank you so much... that awful man....I hope you don't think I encouraged him.

BEEKS
Of course not, ma'am.

Whipple pretends to be flustered.

LOUIS
I'm so upset. Please excuse me, I must go to the powder room.

BEEKS
I'd better go with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beeks opens the door, looks around for signs of Billy Ray.

CUT TO:

THE CORRIDOR

as Beeks escorts Whipple to the lavatory.

LOUIS
Thank you, you're so kind.

BEEKS
I'll wait here for you, ma'am.

LOUIS
(alarmed)
No-no-no. If I need you, I'll just scream.

Whipple opens the lavatory door, coyly waving at Beeks before backing inside and locking the door.

INT. LAVATORY

Whipple turns around and comes face-to-face with Billy Ray, who's sitting on the throne with a portable typewriter on his lap and a piece of paper inside it.

BILLY RAY
Hurry up!

Whipple hands the Crop Report to Billy Ray, who looks it over.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Hmmm... 'a bumper crop'... 'a huge surplus'...

Billy Ray begins typing furiously.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
We'll just change this 'surplus' into a shortage... yeah, the worst shortage in years... Randolph and Mortimer ain't never gonna know what hit 'em...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
(looking at Whipple)
Fix your lipstick.

CUT TO:

INT. ELKS CLUB RESERVED CAR

The Two Porters are drinking with a group of costumed Elks and loudly singing vulgar barroom songs.

A MAN in a King Kong costume lurches away from the group and heads out of the compartment, holding his hand to his mouth as if he were about to be sick.

CUT TO:

THE CORRIDOR

"King Kong" heads for the lavatory, but a line of drunken costumed Elks are impatiently waiting to use it. "King Kong" can't wait. He steps out onto the platform separating the carriages, pulls open a window, and sticks his head outside.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVORATORY - WHIPPLE

is applying lipstick and makeup in front of the mirror, while Billy Ray continues typing the phony Crop Report.

BILLY RAY
(while typing)
By the way, how are you planning on switching the briefcases back?

LOUIS
You're going to come back in there and distract Beeks again, that's how.

BILLY RAY
Uh-uh. No way. That guy wants to kill me. Use your female charms on him. He likes you, I can tell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whipple glares at Valentine, but before he can respond there's the SOUND of furious BANGING on the door.

DRUNKEN ELKS (O.S.)
C'mon, awready! Hurry up!

Billy Ray pulls the doctored report out of the typewriter, hands it to Whipple, who returns it to Beeks' briefcase.

LOUIS
(female voice)
Coming! Just a moment!
(to Billy Ray)
You'd better not let me down...

BILLY RAY
I ain't gonna let you down.

Whipple reaches for the door.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Wait a minute! Fix your tits!

Billy Ray grabs Whipple's falsies and adjusts them into position. It's all terribly humiliating for Whipple.

BILLY RAY
(continuing; with a straight face)
I got to tell you something, Louie. You do make one fine-lookin' woman!

LOUIS
(whispering furiously)
I <u>hate</u> you.

Whipple throws open the lavatory door and sees FOUR costumed ELKS leering at him.

ELK #1
Well, hello...

ELK #2
So tha's where you been hiding...

The Elks won't clear a path for him, so Whipple is forced to squeeze past the men, his "breasts" brushing against them. The Elks all turn their heads to watch him wiggle down the corridor, allowing Billy Ray to slip away unobserved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Whipple approaches Beeks' compartment, we notice that one of his "breasts" has slipped down below his rib cage.

CUT TO:

INT. BEEKS' COMPARTMENT

Beeks looks up as Whipple lets himself in and resumes his seat. Beeks can't help but notice Whipple's droopy right breast: he stares at it, perplexed. Whipple smiles gratefully at him.

LOUIS
I feel so much better.

Beeks keeps staring, and Whipple finally notices that one of his falsies is out of place. He crosses his arms and manages to work it back up a few inches. Beeks is getting suspicious. Whipple nervously runs a hand through his wig, knocking it askew enough to reveal a very masculine sideburn. He fidgets and checks his watch.

LOUIS
(continuing)
I suppose we'll be in Philadelphia soon. Will you be getting off there?

Beeks snatches Whipple's bag, rips it open, sees the briefcase and the folder marked "Crop Report."

BEEKS
I will, but you won't...

Beeks smiles and slowly lifts the wig off Whipple's head.

BEEKS
(continuing)
... Whipple.

Beeks extends the wrist holding his watch up to Whipple, who is paralyzed with fear; Beeks' voice takes on the soothing tones of a hypnotist.

BEEKS
(continuing)
Ever seen a watch like this, Whipple?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS
(in normal, breezy
male voice)
No, as a matter of fact I haven't.
I had a Mariner 5G once, but I
got killed on the resale...

Beeks withdraws a fine strand of wire from his watch casing and slips it around Whipple's neck, garrotting him.

The compartment door opens a crack, and --

BILLY RAY

peers in from the corridor. At the sight of Whipple being strangled by Beeks, Billy Ray bangs the door shut and looks up and down the corridor for help. There isn't any.

BILLY RAY
OJesusChristOmigodWhatamIgonnado?

Billy Ray takes a deep breath, opens the door again, and launches himself at Beeks, landing on his back. He starts digging his fingers into Beeks' eyeballs.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Hang on, Louie! We got him now!

Beeks throws Billy Ray off his back with one violent flex of his shoulders. Billy Ray gets up, charges Beeks again, but Beeks karate kicks him. Billy Ray crashes against the window and begins to slump to the floor; he reaches up with one hand for something to hold onto, inadvertantly pulling down on the Emergency Cord.

The train lurches violently, sending all three men flying. Beeks is hurled face-first into the mirror above Whipple's seat. He slumps to the seat, momentarily stunned.

Billy Ray helps Whipple up, grabs the briefcase, and drags Whipple with him out of the compartment, as the lights flash on and off.

THE CORRIDOR

Inebriated and dazed passengers stumble out of their compartments, wondering what's happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Ray and Whipple push through them, heading for the next carriage, as the train comes to a halt.

Just as they reach the connecting door, they look back and see --

BEEKS

lurching out into the corridor, his forehead bloodied, a gun in his hand. Beeks growls and starts after them.

CUT TO:

THE TRAIN DRIVER

sitting impatiently at the controls of the stopped train. The CHIEF ENGINEER enters the cockpit, a look of disgust on his face.

CHIEF ENGINEER
Some drunk must've pulled the cord. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. ELKS RESERVED CAR

As the train starts moving again, the drunken Elks break into cheers and pour yet another round of drinks.

Billy Ray and Whipple navigate through the costumed Elks. Whipple is now wigless, his breasts at half-mast, but still in his dress and high heels. His appearance causes startled double-takes from the Elks who previously lusted after him.

Beeks enters the compartment, stalking them with menacing determination. Someone tries to press a drink into his hand, but Beeks karate chops it into splinters and continues after Billy Ray and Whipple.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS

The Man in the King Kong suit pulls his head in from the window, shuts it, and slumps to his knees, groaning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Ray and Whipple burst out of the Elks' car and rush the door to the Freight Compartment. In their panic, they can't get it open.

BEEKS (O.S.)
Hold it right there.

Billy Ray and Whipple turn around, facing Beeks and his gun.

BEEKS
(continuing)
The briefcase.

Billy Ray tosses it to Beeks, who catches it in one hand, then lets it drop to the floor. Beeks puts his gun away, looks at his watch, and smiles at them.

BEEKS
(continuing; softly sinister)
Look what time it is. It's almost New Year's...

He raises his watch up to their faces, his voice becoming soothingly hypnotic.

BEEKS
(continuing)
Ever seen a watch like this before? Concentrate on the second-hand going round and round... You're getting very sleepy, aren't you?

BILLY RAY
(yawning)
No, we're not.

LOUIS
(yawning)
I could use a little nap.

BEEKS
Very sleepy...

Billy Ray's and Whipple's eyes are drooping.

BEEKS
(continuing)
You're both going on a long trip...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEKS (CONT'D)
... You're not going to remember anything...

LOUIS
(fading)
We won't remember anything...

BILLY RAY
(fading)
... When we wake up from our trip...

Beeks glares at them with a twisted, contemptuous smile, and raises his watch into firing position.

BEEKS
You're not going to wake up. Because I'm throwing you off the train.

Their eyes suddenly widen with fear, but they're powerless to break out of Beeks' spell. Just as Beeks is about to zap them, the drunk in the King Kong outfit, feeling another wave of nausea coming on, lifts the window open and sticks his head outside again.

As Beeks FIRES, a blast of wind from the open window blows all the gas right back into his face. Beeks faints dead on the spot.

The drunk in the King Kong outfit slumps to the floor, passed out cold.

Billy Ray and Whipple look down at the two bodies lying there, and then look at each other. They're both thinking the same thing.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHT COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Beeks, now dressed in the King Kong outfit minus the head, his mouth taped shut, is propped up against the outside of the gorilla cage, still unconscious. Billy Ray lifts the King Kong head and tries to fit it on Beeks' neck, but it won't stay down. Whipple takes a two-by-four and smashes the head into place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gorilla, who's shown no interest up to this point, is suddenly aroused by the sight of what he takes to be a member of his own species. He begins to jump up and down in excitement, grunting amorously.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Billy Ray, dressed in Beeks' trenchcoat and hat, and carrying his briefcase on his lap, sits across from Whipple.

A CONDUCTOR opens their door.

CONDUCTOR
Philadelphia coming up!

EXT. THE TRAIN - NIGHT

The train slows down, switching rails as it enters the outskirts of Philadelphia.

INT. THE FREIGHT COMPARTMENT

The Two drunken Porters, now back on duty, stare in amazement at the gorilla cage. Beeks is shaking the bars in front of them, jumping up and down, and pointing to his mouth. The real gorilla watches him with amusement, then starts to mimic Beeks' actions. Beeks starts doing jumping-jacks, and the gorilla starts doing them, too. Monkey-see, monkey-do.

PORTER #1
Sometimes they look so goddamn human it gives you the creeps.

Totally frustrated now, Beeks tries to push the gorilla away and keep the attention of the Porters. But the gorilla pushes Beeks back, and then tries to mount him from behind.

PORTER #2
That other one's kinda horny, ain't he?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTER #2 (CONT'D)
Think we ought to hit him with the tranquilizer gun?

PORTER #1
Naw, let 'em have their fun. It's New Year's.

He takes a deep drink from his flask and passes it to the other Porter.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Duke Brothers' black limousine glides down a ramp in the parking structure, passing a SIGN that announces: LEVEL D. The walls and pillars on this level are all painted a bright orange. The limo's lights are cut off. It rolls to a stop in a brightly lit section of the empty parking lot.

Randolph and Mortimer get out, check their watches, and nervously glance around at the cavernous, shadow-filled space. Randolph is holding a briefcase.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - A FACE IN PROFILE

Billy Ray, wearing Beeks' trenchcoat and hat, is leaning against a pillar in a dark, shadowed recess and smoking a cigarette, which glows brightly in the darkness. He is more than a little reminiscent of the "Deep Throat" character having a rendezvous with Woodward and Bernstein.

THE DUKES

peer around the lot, check their watches again.

MORTIMER
Where is he?

Mortimer's voice echoes loudly across the empty concrete expanse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
(calling out in a whisper)
Beeks? Beeks, are you there?

A BURNING CIGARETTE

is tossed out into a lighted area about twenty yards from the Duke brothers.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)
(gruffly)
Over here.

THE DUKES

approach the cigarette, then walk cautiously into the shadows. After a moment, they're completely in the darkness.

BILLY RAY (O.S.)
That's close enough.

A bright beam from a flashlight is shined into the Dukes' squinting faces. They can't see Billy Ray.

MORTIMER
Did you get the Report?

BILLY RAY
Let's see the money.

Randolph opens the briefcase he's carrying, and the flashlight beam reveals that it's stuffed with cash.

BILLY RAY
(continuing)
Hand it over.

Randolph extends the briefcase into the darkness, and a hand takes it from him. A large manila envelope is tossed through the air, landing at the Dukes' feet. They get down on their knees, tear it open, and greedily look over the Crop Report, illuminated by the flashlight beam.

RANDOLPH
Thank you, Beeks.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
It's wonderful news. Wonderful.

The flashlight beam goes off, leaving the Dukes in darkness once again. The only SOUND is Billy Ray's FOOTSTEPS moving away from them.

MORTIMER
(calling after him)
Beeks!
(a beat)
Happy New Year!

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Billy Ray and Whipple, dressed in matching grey flannel suits and ties, are preparing to board a flight to Chicago. Ophelia and Coleman are seeing them off. Ophelia opens her purse, takes out a thick envelope full of cash and reluctantly hands it to Whipple.

OPHELIA
I worked long and hard for this money. I hope you know what you're doing.

BILLY RAY
Don't worry about a thing, baby. We got this thing covered.
(to Whipple)
Piece of cake, right, my man?

Billy Ray glances nervously at Whipple who is staring straight ahead like a man with a mission. Whipple can already taste his coming triumph over the Dukes. He doesn't deign to answer Billy Ray's question. Instead, he simply holds out his palm which Billy Ray slaps. Billy Ray holds out his palm for Whipple to slap, but Whipple misses and has to do it again. Coleman steps forward and gives Billy Ray an attache case. Billy Ray opens it and smiles at the cash inside.

COLEMAN
My life savings, sir. Try not to lose it.

BILLY RAY
Lose it?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)
You gon' be the richest butler in the whole world in a couple of hours, right, Louie?

Whipple shakes Coleman's hand in a complicated soul handshake that does little for Coleman's confidence.

LOUIS
Right on.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OBSERVATION DECK - EARLY MORNING

Coleman and Ophelia watch as Billy Ray and Whipple's airplane takes off the runway. They glance at each other in shared apprehension.

OPHELIA
Louie sure has changed a lot.

COLEMAN
They've both changed, madam. One hopes for the better.

OPHELIA
Do you really think they know what they're doing?

COLEMAN
I think I could use a stiff drink.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLEMAN (CONT'D)
Would you care to join me?

She takes his arm and they walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - MORNING

The 64 story monolithic building -- the last bastion of pure capitalism and home of the biggest crap shoot in the world -- looms above the corner of La Salle and Jackson. A fleet of ostentatious luxury automobiles is depositing the traders and brokers arriving for work. Hordes of people are pouring in off the sidewalks. You can feel the rising tension -- it's almost like the tension before a fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the World.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

get out of a stretch limousine, accompanied by a retinue of aides and flunkies. The Dukes look supremely confident. Their arrival creates an immediate stir. It's as if the Hunt brothers were showing up. A Board of Trade Official hurries out, and obsequiously ushers them inside.

A DELAPIDATED TAXI

pulls up and Billy Ray and Whipple get out. Whipple opens his attache case and throws the stunned driver a hundred dollar bill.

LOUIS
Keep the change.

Billy Ray is staring up at the intimidating skyscraper, and then at the grim-faced brokers with growing alarm. Whipple grasps him firmly by the elbow and leads him towards the entrance. Whipple is like some athlete going into a self-induced trance before the big game.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Think big, think positive. Never show weakness, always go for the throat. Buy low and sell high.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Fear? That's the other guy's problem.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - ELEVATOR

Whipple is still giving himself and Billy Ray a pep-talk in the crowded elevator.

LOUIS
Nothing you have ever experienced can prepare you for the carnage you're about to witness. The World Series? The Super Bowl? They don't know what pressure is. In this building it is kill, or be killed. You have no friends in the pits and you take no prisoners. One minute you're up a half a million in soybeans, the next minute, BOOM, your kids don't go to college, they've repossessed your Bentley. Are you with me?

Billy Ray is flexing his shoulders, breathing deeply -- the pep-talk is getting to him.

BILLY RAY
Yeah, yeah. We got to <u>kill</u> the motherfuckers!

The other passengers look askance at this unlikely duo.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - LOCKER ROOM

A group of men are getting out of their street clothes and changing into the different colored jackets they will wear on the trading floor. Whipple points at some young men putting on lemon yellow smocks.

LOUIS
Those are the runners.

He points to some other men putting on sky-blue jackets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS
(continuing)
Those are the referees. They work for the Exchange.

Whipple opens a locker and hands Billy Ray a cherry red coat and puts one on himself. He leads Billy Ray into...

THE BATHROOM

where a host of traders and brokers, also in cherry red jackets, are preparing themselves for the coming ordeal. A lot of them sport funny hats and ties to distinguish themselves on the trading floor.

LOUIS
This is the enemy.

Whipple goes over to a basin and begins compulsively washing his hands. Billy Ray follows suit. Behind them, all the urinals and toilet stalls are in use, and from the SOUND of things, there are a lot of NERVOUS STOMACHS in the room. In fact, just about all the people there seem to be in a state bordering on a nervous breakdown. People are wolfing down pills and Alka-Seltzer, doing loosening-up exercises in the mirror, hyperventilating, pacing the floor, chain-smoking. TRADER #1, next to Billy Ray, is scooping one spoonful after another of cocaine from a phial into his nose. TRADER #2, next to Whipple, is washing down vitamin pills with shooters of "Wild Turkey." He's sweating like a hog.

TRADER #1
(doing coke)
How's the ulcer, Harry?

TRADER #2
(drinking)
Good. Real good. How's the hypertension?

TRADER #1
(doing coke)
Hasn't bothered me in months.

A LOUD BELL SOUNDS, and everyone stops what they're doing. The ten toilet doors open and ten Traders in cherry red coats burst out, pulling up and buckling their pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone begins filing out. Whipple turns to Billy Ray.

LOUIS
Let's kick some ass.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADING ROOM FLOOR - DAY

Some 4,000 people are packed into an area about the size of a football field. They're swarming around the various octagonal "pits" where the different commodities are traded.

The place is without windows, chairs, desks, or a single resting place. There's a massive array of tiered cubicles, each belonging to a broker, containing telephones and computer consoles.

One whole wall is devoted to a vast ELECTRONIC BOARD that quotes the changing prices for the various commodities. At the moment, it is still.

Overlooking the floor is a VISTIORS GALLERY, where --

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER DUKE

are huddling with their floor broker, WILSON, a preppy Ivy Leaguer even in his cherry red coat.

RANDOLPH
We want you to buy as much o.j. as you can, the instant trading starts.

MORTIMER
Don't worry if the price starts going up. Just keep buying.

WILSON
(stunned)
But, gentlemen, they're going to broadcast the Crop Report in an hour. What if -- ?

RANDOLPH
Let <u>us</u> worry about that, Wilson.

Wilson finally realizes the Dukes have an inside tip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at them with admiration and smiles.

WILSON

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

THE FROZEN ORANGE JUICE PIT

Every inch around the pit is taken up by traders waiting for the buzzer to signal the commencement of business. A huge CLOCK on the wall TICKS down the final seconds until 9:00 A.M.

Whipple and Billy Ray are edging their way into the pit. They glance up at --

THE BOARD

where the price of "APRIL OJ" is set to open at $1.02/pound.

BACK TO THE OJ PIT

There's a hush of palpable expectation, something akin to the moment right before the opening kickoff of a football game. Billy Ray looks around at the traders in the pit, whose eyes are all glued on the CLOCK. As it STRIKES NINE, a LOUD BUZZER SOUNDS, and all hell breaks loose...

A collective convulsaion of buying and selling sweeps the pit. The traders seem to have gone berserk -- jumping up and down, waving fistfuls of orders, screaming at the top of their lungs, wildly signalling with their hands in the special sign language of the Board of Trade. Arms flailing, they spin from one side of the pit to the other, bumping, pushing, jostling, throwing elbows without shame or apology, screaming buy-and-sell orders into one another's faces, so close that they're breathing the same air. The NOISE is a DEAFENING ROAR. It's like being in the middle of a buffalo stampede.

BILLY RAY

is pushed to the floor, stepped on, kicked. When he gets up, somebody uses his back to write an order. Then he's knocked down again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On all fours, he manages to crawl out of the pit, panting and shell-shocked. He spots Whipple and fights his way through a throng of screaming purple-faced traders to get to him.

WHIPPLE

in contrast to everyone else in the pit, appears totally serene. He's not trading; he's just standing there, the calm at the center of the storm, smiling approvingly at the commotion raging around him.

BILLY RAY
(shouting above the DIN)
What are we doing?

LOUIS
We're waiting.

BILLY RAY
For what?

LOUIS
For the price to go up.

WILSON

on the other side of the pit, is frantically making deals with anyone who'll sell to him.

WILSON
Buying two hundred April o.j., 1.02!!!

OTHER TRADERS

take notice of Wilson, glance up at the Dukes in the visitors gallery, and then at --

THE BOARD

which has begun to spin crazily with changing numerals like some giant pinball machine. The price of "APRIL OJ" climbs up to $1.10.

THE TRADERS

begin to smell which way the wind is blowing, and the rumors start.

TRADER #3
The Dukes are trying to corner the market!

TRADER #4
They know something! I can feel it!

TRADER #3
Let's get in on it!

Traders #3 and #4 rush into the pit and start feverishly buying, following Wilson's lead. Transactions are scribbled and tossed to the floor, where they're snatched up by CLERKS, who then withstand shoulder blocks and clips as they sprint with the slips of paper over to --

THE ROSTRUM

The papers are handed to BOARD OFFICIALS, who enter them into computers. The computers are hooked up to --

THE BOARD

where the price for "APRIL OJ" has now risen to $1.27.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

are smirking with delight. They still haven't spotted --

BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

who are still not trading. Billy Ray is chomping at the bit, ready for action. Whipple restrains him.

BILLY RAY
Just say the word, Louie.

LOUIS
Not yet... almost...

He looks up at --

THE BOARD

as the price of "APRIL OJ" climbs to $1.42, reflecting the buying frenzy in the pit.

BACK TO WHIPPLE

glancing from the board to the wall clock, which reveals that it's only minutes before 10:00 A.M.

LOUIS
(to Billy Ray)
NOW!!!

In the space of a split second, Whipple is transformed into a man possessed. He begins madly flailing his arms forward to signal that he's selling.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Selling 200 April OJ, 1.42!!!

BILLY RAY

watches Whipple closely and then starts copying what he's doing with his hand signals. Wilson and a few other traders race over and go face-to-face with Billy Ray. They're madly gesticulating at one another like a group of enraged deaf-mutes.

OTHER TRADERS

swarm around Whipple and Valentine, anxious to buy from them. They seem to be the only ones in the pit going against the tide, betting that the price of OJ is going to fall.

THE BOARD

as the price of April OJ falls to a $1.40.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

notice the sudden drop in price, which continues as they watch.

MORTIMER
That's not right.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIMER (CONT'D)
How can the price be going down?

RANDOLPH
Something's wrong. Where's Wilson?

They gaze down at the pit and for the first time see --

WHIPPLE AND VALENTINE

who, surrounded and growing hoarse, are selling as much OJ as they can.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

look at one another in disbelief.

MORTIMER
What are they doing here?

RANDOLPH
They're selling, Mortimer.

MORTIMER
That's ridiculous... unless that crop report...

They look at each other in dawning comprehension.

RANDOLPH
God help us!

They get to their feet and run up the steps of the visitor's gallery towards the exit.

THE FLOOR

as the Dukes desperately fight their way through a mass of traders and runners. It's the first time we've ever seen the Dukes ruffled, without their Olympian composure.

MORTIMER
I told you we shouldn't have committed everything, you asshole!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDOLPH
It's not too late! We've got to find Wilson and tell him to sell!

They push their way towards the OJ pit.

Suspended above the pit are four TV screens, which are...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... flashing Wall Street stock quotations, business news, world news updates. Suddenly, the screen goes blank and all action in the pit stops abruptly, as everyone cranes his neck up at --

CLOSE - TV SCREEN

A live closed-circuit broadcast from the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. The SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE, carrying a large Manila envelope, approaches a podium.

SEC. OF AGRICULTURE
Ladies and gentlemen, the orange crop estimates for the next year...

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

are looking on, full of anxiety.

BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

glance nervously at one another. They're both drenched in sweat.

CLOSE - THE TV SCREEN

as the Secretary of Agriculture tears open the envelope with a flourish more befitting an Oscar presentation.

SEC. OF AGRICULTURE
... After calculating the estimates from the various orange-producing states, we have concluded the following: The cold winter has apparently <u>not</u> affected the orange harvest. In fact, we should have a rather large surplus by the spring. Consumers can expect orange and orange juice prices to <u>fall</u> pretty dramatically...

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

can't believe what they're hearing. As it dawns on them, they claw their way towards --

THE OJ PIT

which has erupted into pandemonium, as Wilson and all the other traders who followed the Dukes are now desperately trying to sell.

THE BOARD

as the price of "APRIL OJ" starts to plummet... from $1.30 to $1.20... to $1.08... to $0.96... to $0.85...

BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

are now feverishly buying OJ. There's a desperate stampede of traders trying to get to them before they and their clients are completely ruined. They're stabbing one another with pencils and clawing at each others' eyes in their surge to reach Billy Ray and Whipple.

WILSON

is beside himself, in tears. His face suddenly turns blue. He starts to have a heart attack but valiantly keeps on trading. He sinks to the floor, but nobody takes any notice; they just climb right over him. PARAMEDICS rush over, clamp an oxygen mask on his face, and carry him off while the mad trading goes on without missing a beat.

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

arrive at the pit just as Wilson is being carried off.

RANDOLPH
Wilson! Where are you going?

MORTIMER
You idiot! Come back here at once!

The Dukes snatch the sell orders clutched in Wilson's fist, and charge into the pit, looking for buyers. They're pushed, jostled, stabbed with pencils, spun around, elbowed by the panicked traders. Just as they finally manage to fight their way through the pack, the BUZZER SOUNDS signalling the end of the trading day.

BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

hear the BUZZER SOUND...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and suddenly all trading in the pit abruptly stops. They look at one another, sweat pouring off their faces, and then up at --

THE BOARD

where April Orange Juice has closed out at $0.29 a pound.

BACK TO BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

as it begins to dawn on them that they have made a killing, they explode into an almost epileptic series of high fives, low fives, war whoops, and dance steps, culminating in a bear hug.

CUT TO:

RANDOLPH AND MORTIMER

peering out from the edge of the crowd at the impossible sight of their two guinea pigs locked in an embrace.

RANDOLPH
(hoarsely)
Whipple...

MORTIMER
Valentine...

BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

still locked in their embrace, turn their heads in unison in the direction of the Dukes.

LOUIS
Happy New Year!

BILLY RAY
Say, how'd you fellahs make out today?

RANDOLPH
You've been going short the whole time? How did you know?

LOUIS
We got a look at that Crop Report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY RAY
The real one. It was a little different from the one we sold you.

MORTIMER
How could you do this to us, after all we've done for you?

Randolph and Mortimer look like they've aged 50 years in the last few minutes.

BILLY RAY
It was a bet. I bet Louie, here, we could put you boys in the dinger and make a fortune for ourselves, and he didn't believe it. I won.

LOUIS
I lost.

Whipple hands Billy Ray a one dollar bill.

BILLY RAY
Thank you, Louis. This baby's going to feel right at home with all those millions of dollars we just made.

A phalanx of very sour-looking BOARD OF TRADE OFFICIALS approach and surround the Dukes. OFFICIAL #1 hands them a piece of paper.

OFFICIAL #1
Margin call, gentlemen.

MORTIMER
Surely you can't expect us to...

OFFICIAL #2
You know the rules of the Exchange, Mr. Duke. All accounts to be settled at the end of the day's trading... without exception.

RANDOLPH
You know perfectly well we don't have three hundred ninety-four million dollars!

OFFICIAL #1
(to Official #2)
Put the Duke Brothers' seats on the Exchange up for sale at once.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL #1 (CONT'D)
Seize all assets of Duke & Duke Commodities Brokers, as well as all personal holdings of Randolph and Mortimer Duke.
(to the Dukes)
I'm afraid you're going to have to come with us, gentlemen.

The Officials lead Randolph and Mortimer away.

MORTIMER
(to Randolph)
You fool! You and your Nobel Prize!

RANDOLPH
Where's Beeks? That's what I want to know. Where the hell is Beeks?

BACK TO BILLY RAY AND WHIPPLE

who suddenly look at each other, genuinely puzzled.

LOUIS
Beeks?

BILLY RAY
I forgot all about him.

LOUIS
Yeah, whatever did happen to Beeks?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - DAY

A crane is hoisting up an animal cage containing two gorillas, and swinging it out over the dark yawning hold of a docked freighter. TWO LONGSHOREMEN are watching it from the dock and signing bills of lading.

LONGSHOREMAN #1
Okay, one male gorilla, that's all of them.

LONGSHOREMAN #2
Wait a minute! There's two of 'em in that cage.

CLOSE - THE CAGE

swinging through the air. The real gorilla is cradling and comforting Beeks in his arms, puckering his lips at him, obviously in love and looking forward to the voyage.

BACK TO THE LONGSHOREMEN

as Longshoreman #1 scrawls his pen across the last bill of lading.

LONGSHOREMAN #1
One gorilla, two gorillas, big fucking deal. The whole bunch of them are getting shipped back to Africa. They're gonna be set free in some huge game preserve.

LONGSHOREMAN #2
No kidding.

LONGSHOREMAN #1
They wanna know how they make out in the wild. It's some kinda scientific experiment. What do I know? Anyway, look at them -- they're in love.

LONGSHOREMAN #2
Jesus!

Longshoreman #2's eyes widen in awe.

LONGSHOREMAN #2
(continuing)
I didn't know those things bred in captivity.

THE CAGE

It's poised in mid-air over the ship's hold, and then starts descending.

FREEZE FRAME as the SHIP'S SIREN SOUNDS.

FADE OUT.

THE END